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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 16, 1909.

The Week.

"Controversy" is altogether too dignified a term to describe the miserable war of words that now rages about the Pole. The situation is deplorable. The most dramatic achievement in the scientific annals of the age is being written down in Billingsgate. The nation's disaccustomed ears ring again with the once familiar epithet, "liar." The goal which was striven for during three hundred years of self-sacrifice and heroic devotion, once attained, seems to have let loose the baser passions of men, and the interests of truth are made secondary to the consideration of newspaper scoops, Chautauqua profits, and book royalties. For this unhappy result we cannot hold Commander Peary entirely blameless. The provocation, from his point of view, must have been great. If the painfully-won crown of his life's work were really in danger of being snatched from him by an impostor, the temper of his challenge to Dr. Cook might be excused. But faith in his own cause and in the ultimate triumph of truth should have lent him patience. If Dr. Cook's story is a fabrication, Commander Peary must know that it could not stand the light of serious investigation for three months. Its improbabilities had struck against the world's suspicion even before the message from Peary came. That message has only given the signal for a mud-slinging contest. Both explorers may be reminded of the moral verse:

> Were I so tall to reach the Pole,
> Or grasp the ocean with my span,
> I must be measured by my soul,
> The mind's the standard of the man.

Happy Panama Canal Zone! Its status changes in a way to make the leopard's spots envious. One day it is the possession of the United States, and if any one else should undertake to plant a flag there, let him beware. The next day there is doubt about the permanence of our suzerainty, and to-day, behold! it is not a possession of the United States at all; that is, so far as the tariff law is concerned. This is the startling opinion of the eminent Trust-buster, Wade H. Ellis, now acting-Attorney-General in Mr. Wickersham's absence. According to this remarkable brand of law, the canal zone, though owned, controlled, and operated by the United States, is merely a "place subject to the use, occupation, and control of the United States," and, therefore, the Payne-Aldrich tariff does not apply. Those cynical persons who believe that lawyers will give any opinion desired, will find this decision the occasion for much ribald laughter. The government wants to get its canal supplies cheap, so it avoids the tariff by denying that the zone is a possession. There is no escaping the tariff swindle for the private citizen. He cannot declare himself a resident one day and a non-resident the next, and, therefore, he is bound to look on the government as a dodger.

A highly interesting turn will be given to the investigation of the railway rebate abuse, by the government's inquiry into the charges that certain railways secretly and illegally cut the rates offered by them to certain transatlantic steamship lines on export and import freight. The evidence of such rebating, published by the *World*, appears to be conclusive; it is, in fact, admitted by the assistant general agent of one steamship company, the Holland-America Line. This agent alleges that the offence has not been committed by or in behalf of his own line during the past eighteen months or two years; but the fact of violation of the law remains. The correspondence of the steamship company in the matter, which has in some way been obtained and published, is explicit on this point. It mentions in one letter an inland freight rate agreed upon, which is "5 cents below the tariff inland rate"; in another, that "the rebate to outports will be refunded monthly on your side"; in still another, "a private rebate of 2 cents on the barrel" of imported fish, and so on in a great number of cases. In this same remarkable correspondence there is constantly displayed full knowledge of the illegality of the act and the penalties incurred. If evidence of what was going on should fall into the Interstate Commerce Commission's hands, one letter carefully points out, "we should be liable to a fine of $20,000 in each case." Clearly the result of such railway rebating must be to give some shipper or importer, at the western end of the railway line, a secret advantage over all competitors. The fact that the rebate was granted, not to an individual, but to an ocean steamship company, hardly disguises the transaction in the popular view, and does not alter it at all in the eye of law. Both the anti-Trust Law of 1890 and the Elkins Law of 1903 were particularly careful in providing against the very operations now under review. The whole matter calls for investigation in the courts, from top to bottom.

The address by the new chairman of the House Banking and Currency Committee, to the Pennsylvania bankers, was interesting because of its positive declaration for a central bank as the solution of our currency situation. People in touch with the Monetary Commission have for some time been aware that the judgment of the Commission's leading members was veering in that direction, and that the visit of a sub-committee to the European banking centres, a year ago, had emphasized that drift of opinion. No formal conclusion has been reached on the matter by the Commission as a whole, and Mr. Vreeland's opinion must for the present be regarded as purely individual. His official position necessarily gives it weight, however, and there is reason to suppose that Senator Aldrich, occupying a similar place at the head of the Senate Finance Committee, concurs in it. Mr. Vreeland does not go very far into details. His idea is for a central bank with monopoly of note circulation, with dividends limited to 4 per cent.—so as not to encourage excursions for the sake of profit into the field of competitive banking—and with what he describes as "some measure of government control."

It is no final condemnation of the new primary law in Ohio that it failed to draw out a heavy vote at the first trial. With nothing but local offices at stake, the number of voters participating was, to say the least, far larger than ever known in the old caucus method. At Columbus, the Republican machine candidate for the Mayoralty was defeat-

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ed by a young man with nothing behind him except an admirable record, as City Solicitor, for hunting down grafters. In Cincinnati, an adherent of the Cox machine took the Republican nomination without opposition, but the Democrats shattered the Bernard slate from top to bottom, giving a large majority to John W. Peck, a young attorney of apparently good promise. With Gov. Harmon giving an unusually popular administration, and the Democrats of Cincinnati seemingly awake to their opportunity, the disgraceful submission to Cox may yet go far to put the Democratic party within reach of a general victory. In Cleveland, the primary showed that Tom Johnson is still the chosen leader of his party. The refusal of some citizens to take part in the primaries because of the necessity of stating their party affiliation, was only to have been expected. The Ohio law has its defects, for no State has yet brought forth a Legislature at heart devoted to the discrediting of the party boss. The predictions of repeal, however, will hardly be verified. The voters of Ohio will not permit a backward step without a fair trial of the new system.

There can be no question that the Census Bureau is in earnest about keeping partisan politics out of its work. The Director is executing the President's instructions in that matter with vigor and intelligence. He has sent a letter to each supervisor commanding him to resign from any political committee of which he may be a member. Another point carefully considered by Director Durand is the question whether any supervisor may possibly hold a State office which might debar him from accepting a Federal position. A similar difficulty, it will be remembered, arose when Mr. Heney was at once a special employee of the Attorney-General's office, and assistant prosecuting attorney in San Francisco. It is, of course, undoubted that most of the appointments as supervisors and enumerators are political. Their names are "submitted" by Congressmen and local chairmen, either as a reward for past party services, or in the hope of benefits to come. But the authorities are making it clear that one benefit which will *not* come is the taking of the census as an adjunct to party machines.

A question of no little interest in the South is discussed in a pamphlet entitled "Public Taxation and Negro Schools," by Charles L. Coon, white superintendent of schools at Wilson, North Carolina. It embodies a paper read before the Twelfth Annual Conference for Education in the South, some of the conclusions of which, when reported at that time, were received with incredulity by several of the Southern newspapers. In view of repeated threats to divide school funds according to races, and the insistence in many quarters that the negro gets more for his schools than he pays in taxes, it is highly important that the actual facts shall become known. These Mr. Coon now lays before us as a result of a careful study of the statistics of eleven States, with a population, in 1900, of 11,776,391 whites, and 7,199,374 negroes. These same States now spend $32,068,851 annually for elementary and secondary public education. Of this sum, if it were distributed among the races according to their respective numbers, the negroes would receive as their share $12,800,000, or 40 per cent. As a matter of fact, they received only $4,736,375 in all, or 14 per cent. The question follows whether this is largely a burden upon the white taxpayer.

It is impossible, Mr. Coon says, to obtain complete data bearing on this matter, but he has secured figures for Virginia, North Carolina, and Georgia which enable him to settle it for those States with some degree of accuracy. Taking Virginia first, he finds, from the State Superintendent's report, there was raised in 1907 for schools by taxation $3,305,871, of which $489,228 went to negro schools. Analysis of the taxes shows that the negroes paid $120,000 for poll taxes, $22,500 for State tax levies on property, and $68,895 in local assessments. Setting aside from the library fund, the State and local taxes on corporations and direct State appropriations, the percentage to which the colored people are numerically clearly entitled, Mr. Coon is certain that they should be credited with $507,305 of taxes, or $18,077 *more* than they actually receive from the State for their schools. In North Carolina the colored people should receive $429,197, whereas they now obtain only $402,658. In Georgia the figures are even more amazing, for there the excess in favor of the negro is no less than $141,682. That is, the white schools profit by that sum from negro taxation.

The victory of the strikers at the Pressed Steel Car Company's works at McKee's Rocks is really a triumph of common sense. The company has surrendered on nearly every point; the final wage question is left for arbitration, but an advance is already given. Thus ends in deserved disaster the stupid policy of President Hoffstot and the other officials of the company. Now, after fifty-seven days, the strikers have all gone back to work, the company is said to have lost $1,000,000 and, what is worse, has achieved the reputation of being inefficiently managed and behind the times in dealing with its labor. As for the strikers, unorganized but with righteous demands, they brought a great company to its knees and have, we confidently believe, taught a salutary lesson to corporation managers everywhere.

George Bernard Shaw continues to devote himself to his task of manufacturing paradoxes. What the world, especially the world of culture and science, holds to, is necessarily wrong. Just turn upside down what good people believe, and you have the truth, is Shaw's simple formula. Among other things of which Shakespeare was artistically guilty was using blank verse—and bad blank verse—because he was not able to write good prose. To show us how Shakespeare should have done it, and how easy it is, Shaw wrote a play in the Shakespearean style. It is so good that no one will ever mistake it for Shakespeare's; and, perversely, they will continue to prefer the Bard of Avon, for they know no better. And now Mr. Shaw comes out with a denunciation of vivisection; not in the spirit of controlling it, so as to combine humaneness and the progress of science, but as a fling in the face of the scientists whose cock-sureness is a splendid target for a Shavian paradox. To succeed along his present line, Mr. Shaw would need a long and painful campaign of propaganda, the object of which would be to explain to the people the eloquence and beauty of the paradox as such—and then he might be able to

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cram his particular absurdities down their throats.

The return of the amateur golf championship to the West was generally expected, though the Eastern representatives in the tournament fell by the way somewhat earlier and easier than was looked for. If Jerome Travers had been in form and had contested, the result might have been different. It is only fair to admit, however, that the young Western players have developed a very high quality of golf. Their medal scores are astonishingly low. When Gardner, who never before competed, can play two successive days in 146 and 147 for 36 holes, the pace is confessedly terrific. In previous championship struggles, Travis has been put out now and then in matches at 18 holes; but this was usually thought a "fluke," and it was said that no amateur could defeat him at 36 holes. But this year the test matches have beeen at 36 holes, and the youthful Gardner beat the veteran Travis rather easily. These dashing youngsters of the Western links seem able to combine brilliancy with great steadiness. When they can do that, there can be no doubt that golf is preeminently a game in which youth will be served.

Americans back from Piccadilly report the Briton to be in unwontedly humble state. He feels his insular security vanishing before the aeroplane—in his case, a real "scareoplane." The result of all this is a state of things that only a Carlyle could describe, in his familiar French Revolution style, with apostrophes to budgets and balloons, conscription and suffragettes, tortured wealth and gleeful Radicals. In his article on Jean Paul in the *Edinburgh Review* of 1827, he said:

> Except by name, Jean Paul Friedrich Richter is little known out of Germany. The only thing connected with him, we think, which has reached this country is his saying, imported by Madam De Staël, and thankfully pocketed by most newspaper critics, that "Providence has given to the French the empire of the land; to the English, that of the sea; to the Germans, that of the air."

But the threatened German empire of the air is, of course, of a kind not dreamed of in Jean Paul's philosophy.

Lord Rosebery's attack upon the Liberal budget, in his recent speech at Glasgow, had been pretty thoroughly discounted, yet its political effect must be considered. The orator disclaimed any title to speak for the Liberal party; he was again in his favorite "lonely furrow"; but his antagonism will count mainly as that of a former Liberal Prime Minister. Merely as from a rich man, and a member of the House of Lords, his assault upon a "popular" scheme of taxation might tend to make it even more poular, and so aid its Ministerial supporters. The Chancellor of the Exchequer is booked to follow Lord Rosebery in Glasgow at an early day. Mr. Lloyd-George will doubtless be tempted to turn to some of Rosebery's published writings and discourses in the spirit of the latter's own statement, that the chief use of old speeches is to be "explored for untimely quotation." In that way, the Chancellor might adopt for himself the words which Rosebery applied to Sir Robert Peel, that he "preferred the fruitful task of administration to the spent candor of criticism." But on the crucial point of the right of the Lords to modify a finance bill, Lloyd-George could draw a deadly citation from a speech of Lord Rosebery's in the Gilded Chamber itself. When the budget of 1894—denounced as socialistic almost as fiercely as that of this year—came before the Lords, Rosebery deprecated even discussion of the measure. His words were:

> I do not think it is necessary for the purpose of passing the bill that they [the peers] should make themselves master of it, because I deprecate altogether the idea that the House of Lords has anything to do with money bills. Any discussion of it must obviously be academic, and therefore I should have thought the least said soonest mended with regard to this measure.

This, of course, is no denial of the right of the Lords to reject a money-bill *in toto*, if they see fit, and so bring on a conflict with the House of Commons. That is not a question of power, but of political tactics, or of courage.

Paul Leroy-Beaulieu points out in *L'Economiste Français* the danger of a tariff war between France and the United States. This arises primarily from the fact, that, in our commercial agreement with France, there was no clause calling for notice of its abrogation. Consequently, under our new tariff law, the French agreement can be and is terminated on October 31. At that date, unless some other commercial treaty is first negotiated, the exports of France will be subject in our custom houses to the maximum tariff rates. Meanwhile, England and Germany, under the terms of their agreements with this country, are entitled to six months' notice, so that for more than three months they would enjoy a tariff advantage in our markets over France. This is what makes the situation so critical for the French authorities, as also for the Government at Washington. If we clap on the maximum tariff upon French goods, France may make reprisals by applying her own maximum rates to American exports. The result could not fail to be disastrous to both sides, precisely as was the case in the tariff war between France and Switzerland. M. Leroy-Beaulieu strongly argues against any such policy.

Prime Minister Stolypin continues to demonstrate his title to real statesmanship. Not only by comparison with the average run of Russian bureaucrat, but with the best statecraft that Europe can show, he looms up large. It is no mean achievement to have steered a disorganized Empire through anarchy to peace. The revolutionary movement, by common admission, has been checked for years to come. The transformation of the Russian system of land-tenure to which he has set himself, is undoubtedly the most impressive economic scheme that any government is at present concerned with. Finally, there is the development and colonization of Siberia, a movement which is attracting much attention even outside of Russia. From 1906 to the beginning of the present year, 150,000 peasant families were colonized in western Siberia. In view of the large size of the Russian peasant family, this means the transplantation of close to a million souls from overcrowded European Russia to a region of very high fertility. Statistics indicate that within three years the Steppes region alone may be in a position to export 50,000,000 bushels of wheat annually. Railway construction is being actively carried on. The development of the country's mineral resources proceeds more slowly, but geological surveys are going on all the time, and the future has almost limitless possibilities.

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THE NEW POLITICAL EUROPE.

Announcement of the issuing of a Turkish loan of $30,000,000, draws attention afresh to the extraordinary changes which the past year has wrought in the historic idea of the European equilibrium. The intention of this putting of the Turkish Treasury in funds is to enable the new régime to consolidate its power. Old debts are to be paid off, indemnities taken care of, the current budget made to balance, and the various departments of government reorganized. This of itself is sufficiently novel, but the really striking aspect of the matter is the emergence of financial Turkey from her old tutelage. We are told no more of a Concert of Powers dictating the terms of the loan and presiding over the details of its administration. There is not even the rush of different nations to force money upon Turkey, as upon China, in order to obtain an equitable lien upon the national property. It is but one sign more of the break-up of the century-long theory of the balance of power in Europe—what Kinglake called the "Usage."

Bismarck once said that the problem of the Near East had an awkward habit of becoming acute at intervals of about twenty-one years. The Crimean war in the 50s was followed by the great Balkan explosion which ended in the Berlin Congress of 1878. But since then the unsettled question has disturbed the repose of nations at shorter periods. There has been no violent outbreak of hostilities, except the abortive war between Greece and Turkey, but the unrest in the Balkan states has been chronic, massacres in Armenia and Macedonia have not permitted European diplomacy to sleep, one "programme" after another has been adopted, like that of Mürzsteg in 1903, only to fail of enforcement, and then came the events of 1908 to make a complete finish of the old *status quo*. The doctrine to which the statesmen of Europe have outwardly subscribed for two generations is now an empty form. A moral revolution has swept its substance away. No radical change in territorial alignment has been brought about, except the annexation of Bosnia-Herzegovina by the Austrian Empire—and that was little more than the recognition of an accomplished fact—but the entire atmosphere is different. The Chancellors and Foreign Secretaries of an earlier day would not know how to breathe in the new air which envelops European diplomacy, to-day, in the presence of the questions of the Near East.

The man to whom the historians will doubtless give the credit, or discredit, of precipitating the new order of things is the Austrian Minister, Baron von Aehrenthal. His cool announcement last October, that Austria would thereafter regard Bosnia and Herzegovina as her own territory, really sounded the death-knell of the Concert of Europe, as formerly understood and observed. Preceded, as this was, only two days before, by Bulgaria's declaration of independence, it gave a shock to the old arrangements from which recovery has since been impossible. All the king's horses and all the king's men cannot put Humpty Dumpty back again. Baron von Aehrenthal's audacity has been crowned by the event. The outbursts of protest which it at once provoked have died away. England took firm ground, and held a high tone. There had been a breach of the Treaty of Berlin, and the guardians of the public law of Europe could not allow it to be sanctioned. Sir Edward Grey put this before Parliament and before the Cabinets of the Powers in the most emphatic way. At the very least, there must be another international conference to pass upon the bold initiative of Austria, and, if her act was not repudiated and disallowed, to make the usual "compensation" to the other Powers. There were the most confident predictions of a Congress of Europe to be held this past summer. Plans had gone so far that place and time and agenda had been discussed. But nothing has come of it all. The talk of a congress has faded out. Germany's firm backing of Austria, together with what was practically her ultimatum to Russia, made it certain that Austria's position at any meeting of the Powers would be unassailable. So the whole scheme appears to have been dropped indefinitely. But the work had been done. Old things had passed away in Europe, even if all things had not become new. As a well-informed writer in the London *Times* puts it:

> The restoration of the Turkish Constitution, the proclamation of Bulgarian independence, the annexation of Bosnia-Herzegovina, the dethronement of Abdul Hamid, and the withdrawal of the international contingents from Crete, mark the close of the period that began with the Berlin treaty, and state in altered terms the problem of the Near East.

The necessary readjustments will take time and patience. Baron von Aehrenthal has been acclaimed as the new Bismarck. He is at least like that statesman in displaying moderation after a great triumph. Holding fast to what he has won, the Austrian Minister has been prudent and conciliatory in meeting the new situation. From anything like a war policy, he has shrunk, being confirmed in that course, doubtless, by the aged Emperor Francis Joseph, who has had bitter experience of the truth that any war may easily prove a blunder and calamity, both politically and financially. But there is no denying that Germany and Austria have become the centre of diplomatic interest in all that relates to the Eastern question. That again is proof of the remarkable change which has come over the face of European politics. It may not be necessary to speak of rolling up the map of Europe, but though territorial possessions and names may long remain unchanged, the moral dislocation of the great Usage is undoubted.

A NOTABLE QUINQUENNIUM.

Five years, almost to a day, before Peary came out of the Arctic wilderness and began the now famous Battle of the Explorers, another battle was fought and finished on the other side of the world. It was actual conflict. Japan had just beaten the Russian army at Liao-Yang in the first pitched battle of a war whose vast historical consequences we have not yet fully realized. Between two such surprisingly dramatic events as the triumph of Asia over Europe and the discovery of the North Pole, lies a short stretch of years packed close with notable achievements. The balancing of age against age and century against century, is rather a profitless occupation, recalling the favorite topic of debate on backwoods platforms, "Resolved, that Greece did more for civilization than Rome." There are some who, like Professor Walsh, believe that the age of faith, which many of us call the Dark Ages, marked the apex of human attainment. The thirteenth century is to that authority the "greatest of centuries," and he has written a book to prove it. Others have plumped for the eighteenth century because it contained in itself the seed of which the nineteenth witnessed the fruition. But this

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doctrine of the seed may lead one too far away. It has led Dr. Walsh back into the Middle Ages; it might take us to the time of all beginnings.

But reduce the comparison to five-year periods, and the game grows more absorbing. A half-decade largely excludes movements, tendencies, and seeds, and deals with a certain number of concrete facts, which are easy enough to compare. Or, if origins and causes are eligible for the contest, these cannot be so many in number or so badly intertangled as not to be amenable to comparative treatment. There are not many five-year periods that begin sharply and yet yield transcendent historical events. The first that suggests itself is the five years of French history from 1789 to 1794. This calls up immediately the five years of American history from 1776 to 1781. And so we may go on pushing back our quinquennial indicator like the slide on a vernier, till it covers a significant period or single significant event—1688 in England, 1588 in England, 1492, Charlemagne's crowning in 800, the five years after the battle of Actium, the five years from the crossing of the Rubicon to the tragedy at the base of Pompey's statue, or the five years after Salamis. The present is at heart usually a humble age. For all its loud complacencies, the passing day is always deferential to the past, and awed before the future. Even the most hardened of spread-eagle orators will hesitate to assert that the years 1904-1909 will mean more in the history of civilization than the age of the discovery of America, or the age of American liberation, or the age that witnessed the death of feudal Europe.

And yet what a magnificent record of progress is included between the February day of five years ago, when the Japanese torpedo-boats threw themselves at the Port Arthur fleet, and the February day when Peary set out on his final dash for the Pole. The political and social results of the great war in the East have not yet been fully reaped. But already we can enumerate the admission of Japan into the family of great Powers, the establishment of constitutional government in Russia, a Constitution in Persia, a Constitution in Turkey, the promise of a Constitution in China, and the beginnings of self-government for India. In other words, within five years nine hundred million souls have taken a highly critical step forward in their political evolution. The complacency of Christendom received a setback when, after pagan Japan, Mohammedan Turkey and Persia demonstrated the compatibility between a non-Christian faith and political progress. On a somewhat lower plane of importance, we have the introduction of universal suffrage in Austria and in Sweden; the dissolution of a partnership nearly a century old between Sweden and Norway, and of a still older partnership, between the Church and the State, in France; the appearance of the British Labor party in Parliament, with important consequent changes in the British government system; the introduction of woman's suffrage in Finland. In the birth of a great British commonwealth in South Africa we touch once more on a matter of capital importance.

And then, of course, there is Science's record. The discovery of the North Pole may be of no prime scientific value, but simply as the successful conclusion of a three hundred years' effort, the event is enough to signalize its age. It is only two years since land first spoke to land across the Atlantic without visible medium, but already we are habituated to the miracle of the wireless. The "conquest of the air" is still fresh to us, but how much longer it will remain so we dare not predict. If it comes to balancing results, who shall say that the beginning of human flight will bring less important consequences to civilization than the establishment of the American republic, or the birth of European democracy? At bottom, we repeat, the present is always humble towards the past and the future. But who shall begrudge a little outburst of vanity now and then to an age that can count, within the space of an infant's life, conquests so great and changes so immeasurable?

THE TARIFF COMMISSION.

The appointments to the new tariff commission, made public on Saturday, are of a sort to argue that President Taft and Secretary MacVeagh mean business. They would not have sought the services of such men, unless they had intended the work to be worth while; nor could they have secured them for a merely ornamental or dead-and-alive function. Prof. H. C. Emery of Yale, named as chairman, is an economist of recognized training and acuteness. He has kept his scientific knowledge closely in touch with actual affairs. With him will be associated Mr. Reynolds—not the great Reynolds, but an Assistant Secretary of the Treasury—and Mr. Sanders of Chicago, who represents the practical agricultural interests of the West. Thus we have a board, or commission, or whatever it is to be called, which has at once a good balance and promise of efficiency.

There has been a vast amount of words regarding the scope of this commission's activities. It is well known that the full plan for a scientific tariff commission did not find favor with Congress. Speaker Cannon would have none of it. To his lofty mind, it was abhorrent to think of a body of experts inquiring into the exact facts regarding cost of production in this country, and discovering the needlessness of given tariff rates, except to make profits inordinate. Even the truncated form of a provision for a tariff commission, reported in the Aldrich bill, was further cut down in conference between the two houses. As the President's authority stands in the law enacted, it reads thus:

> To secure information to assist the President in the discharge of the duties imposed upon him by this section, and the officers of the government in the administration of the customs laws, the President is hereby authorized to employ such persons as may be required.

Now, "this section," of course, was section 2 of the Payne-Aldrich bill, dealing with the maximum and minimum tariff, and with reprisals against foreign countries. Senator Hale openly contended in the Senate that it tied the President's hands, and prevented him from investigating, in an independent and thorough way, the domestic workings of any tariff schedule. On the other hand, Senator Aldrich maintained that the clause, as accepted at last, gave the President ample power. Mr. Taft himself declared, at the time, that he was satisfied with the outcome, since the language of the law, when "properly construed," would admit of all the inquiries that were contemplated under the original scheme of a tariff commission. That the President is still of that mind, was shown on Saturday at Beverly, when he said that he did not care what the new body was called, so long

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as it was fitted to do the desired work. Moreover, the official statement proves that the Administration does not feel itself bound by Senator Hale's narrow interpretation. It runs:

> The President and the Secretary of the Treasury have agreed upon the plan that these three gentlemen are to constitute the board, and are to be given authority to employ such special experts as may be needed in the investigation of the foreign and *domestic* tariff.

In the nature of the case, it could not be otherwise. The whole tenor of section 2 is to the effect that the President must be "satisfied" that foreign countries are discriminating against us in the matter of customs duties, or that the operation of their tariff laws is not "reciprocal and equivalent," as compared with our own. This opens the whole question. No construction of the law can be so strict as to debar the President from trying to ascertain the full facts. The information he gets may not all of it be relevant exclusively to the subject of the maximum and minimum tariff, but is there any way of keeping him from making such use of it as he sees fit? It is his Constitutional duty to make recommendations to Congress from time to time. The more knowledge he has upon which to base such recommendations, the better; and also, we may add, the more imperative his obligation to press upon Congress the measures he believes to be for the good of the country.

We shall doubtless very soon get an earnest of President Taft's intentions, or hopes. At least when he comes to address the people of the West, so dissatisfied with the outcome of his efforts to get the tariff revised, he will take us into his confidence. Two things are certain: one is that in his tariff commission the President has a potent instrument for influencing public opinion and Congress; the other is that if Mr. Taft, having put his hand to the plough, should now look back, he not only would seriously damage his own reputation, but would blight the hopes of his friends and of the great majority of the people.

HARRIMAN AND HIS TIME.

Upon the personal side of the late E. H. Harriman, the tragic nature of his end would alone forbid us to dwell. Pale death knocking with equal foot at the door of his unfinished palace, and turning what was to be a resting-place for his old age into a scene of eternal rest, sufficiently presses home the moral of the vanity of human wishes. Even enmity would be silent before such a stroke of fate. Nor shall we stop to discuss the nature of that undoubted ability which made Mr. Harriman the great power he was in the railway and financial world. Such impressive results as he wrought do not come without adequate cause. Suffice it to say that all the evidence points to his having had a remarkable genius for combining forces and for associating vast accumulations of capital. He is admitted to have been as able a railway man as he was stock manipulator, giving as keen and far-sighted attention to physical properties as he did to the securities representing them. All this stands written on his career. What remains to be asked, however, is the question how he fitted into the time in which he lived, and what is the larger significance, both social and political, of such a course as that he ran.

He came rather late in life to his extraordinary prominence, but he had been for some years under that fierce light which, in modern democracies, beats upon men of great wealth. How did Mr. Harriman meet the peculiar demands which the organized life of the world to-day makes upon men in positions like his? That there has been a change in the attitude of democracies towards citizens possessing large fortunes, and the power growing out of them, cannot be doubted. It is visible to all of us everywhere. The art of being a very rich man successfully, is nowadays highly difficult. As well might a modern king think to get on by means of the autocratic and calloused methods of a mediæval ancestor, as that the owner of millions to-day should fancy that he could safely imitate the ways of the Fuggers or the Medici. Latter-day democracy has changed all that. It puts the very rich in a class by themselves, and exacts from them a bearing and a discharge of certain public duties curiously like what the people of decadent Rome expected, as Mr. Dill has shown us in a fascinating chapter of his "Roman Society from Nero to Marcus Aurelius," from the great proprietors of their day.

It will not do to say that a deep popular interest in rich men, and a kind of awed hanging upon their movements and their style of life, are absolutely new things in this country. When Talleyrand was in our young republic in 1794—the "good old days" of our pristine simplicity and purity—he found a worthy citizen of Machias, Maine, very anxious to go to Philadelphia to see not Gen. Washington, who was well enough in his way, but a Mr. Bingham, "who they say is so rich." Talleyrand added: "J'ai trouvé dans toute l'Amérique cette même admiration pour l'argent, et souvent aussi grossièrement exprimée." There was, therefore, no great novelty in the concentrated public interest with which Mr. Harriman was followed in recent years. His downsitting and uprising were compassed about with reporters. News about him and inventions about him were read with absorbed attention by millions of his fellow-countrymen. He stood as one of the chief symbols of his class—a name freely bandied about, abused more than he was admired, yet always a synonym of power, possibly of danger, but unquestionably of social and political importance.

The new thing in the conditions which Mr. Harriman had to face was not the observation, fawning or envious or merely curious, which has so long been fixed upon those having great possessions, but the kind of angry scrutiny with which the public has come to watch men of his sort. A changed community-consciousness in regard to the ownership of enormous wealth, is one of the things which not even boundless riches can afford to ignore. The people quietly assume a certain sort of right to dictate to the very rich. From them are demanded, or at least expected, large gifts for public charities. Their wealth is their own if they use part of it in accordance with public opinion; otherwise there is a tacit sense of injustice and oppression in the mere control of such vast resources. Moreover, and this is worth more notice, there is a pervasive demand that the magnate be magnanimous; that he cherish neither enmities nor revenges; that his business methods be of a live-and-let-live sort; that he seek no undue power, for the further piling up of gold, through the secret purchase of politicians to do his bidding.

Judged by these exacting tests, Mr. Harriman's career cannot be accounted either happy or successful. He was born

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a generation too late. The imperious and ruthless methods which he too often adopted, used to be endured in a Commodore Vanderbilt, in a Fisk or Gould, but they were obsolete even while Mr. Harriman was employing them. We say nothing of his charities, for they may have been much larger than the public knows; but in his remorseless march to power over the wreck of other men; in his cold disregard of the human element in finance; in his impatience of criticism; in his clutching after and use of political influence to further his business ambitions, he was really out of joint with his day.

ART AND RAILWAY STATIONS.

A few years ago it was the fashion to indulge in artistic sneers at the skyscraper. Our Pharisaical painters passed it by on the other side of the street. They turned, instead, to the barren reaches and rocks of Brittany or to the ruined castles of the Rhineland, as fitter subjects for their art. To-day it is a different tale. The office buildings of Manhattan, clothed in their wreaths of smoke and steam, our avenues, glistening in rain-wetness, reflective of lights from arc lamps and shop windows, have become an almost banal feature of current magazines and contemporary exhibitions. They are, at last, recognized themes for the painter and the etcher, as for the artist in words. Nowadays, Ruskin to the contrary notwithstanding, there is also a moving beauty in our railways.

The railway carriage has found its way into verse. Baudelaire, taken with a great horror of towns, cried out:

Emporte-moi, wagon! enlève-moi, frégate!

Even so, the poet thought it well to import a ship into his verse, to make it more conventional. There is Verlaine, to be sure; poor Verlaine, who, in his poem of the "Belle Chanson," invites us to admire

Le paysage dans le cadre des portières,

but that is rather a different matter. Even Henry James has felt something of the unexploited poetry of the railway. His confession of the kindness that he feels for stations is just what one had a right to expect: half whimsical, half serious. He likes them æsthetically, he tells us; he views them with complacency, even when he would neither come nor go. "They remind me," he says, in one of his essays, "of all our reciprocities and activities, our energies and curiosities." And the spectacle of Paddington or Euston offers an exhibition of variety in type which compensates him for having to live a part of his year in London.

Time was when the railway station was called a "deepo" and was an architectural horror. In those days there was indeed much need to philosophize and transcendentalize if one was in the least to enjoy its "spectacle." As we have watched the construction of the newest of the New York stations, we have, however, felt that the building of the past and that of the present are two very different matters. Just as the mystical imagination and aspiration of the Middle Ages found their ultimate expression in cathedrals which remain to-day, centuries after, the noblest monuments of Christian faith and of European civilization, so is the modern railway station a kind of memorial and evidence of the vast energy and insistent utilitarianism of this twentieth century. We live in the age of the machine; what more proper than that we should express ourselves in brick and stone dedicated, not to a Saint, but to the heroes of our Dusk of the Gods, the twin dæmons Steam and Electricity. And the greatest temple to these demigods thus far erected is the building that fills four blocks in this city, and that will soon be sending its trains out to east and to west, to north and to south, through tunnels that burrow under great rivers. We are proud, in our way, of our demigods, and of their celebrants.

Sometimes, in viewing the pictures of our office-buildings, with their noses pricking the clouds, we have thought the artist's work too cleverly managed for anything except effectiveness. The veils of smoke and of steam have been adjusted almost too coquettishly. There is at least no need to idealize these new railway stations, for which we hope some Monet will in time emerge. Monet has found Charing Cross and Montparnasse subjects worthy of the brush that renders the flower-gardens and the mists of his exquisite Giverny. Who will prove to be the Monet of Eighth Avenue? "I would give anything," Lafcadio Hearn once wrote, with London roaring in his ears, and his heart full of the bitterness of things, "to be a literary Columbus, to discover a romantic America." As to the matter of an America romantic for the man of letters, we dare not answer very positively. If, however, Laurence Sterne could discover the poetry of a *désobligeante*, why should not his literary heirs find it in a Pullman coach? And certain it is that for the painter a romantic America stands very close at hand.

THOUGHTS OCCASIONED BY THE BI-CENTENARY OF DR. JOHNSON.

I.

I suppose that I ought to begin this brief paper with Lichfield and the 18th day of September, in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and nine, where and when the subject of what some persons regard as the greatest of all biographies was born into a world not soon likely to forget him. For reasons of my own, I wish to begin it at Oxford, and at a much later period.

It is almost superfluous to say that there is scarcely another town of its size that calls up before the mind of a sojourner such a host of distinguished names as Oxford can summon from out the past. Keble, Pusey, Newman, with Shelley for a counterpoise; Burne-Jones and Morris and Swinburne and Arnold and Pater, Freeman and Froude and Stubbs—these are names that come to me almost at random, and they are all comparatively modern. Probably a true latter-day Oxfordian could not have written the preceding sentence without inserting the name of Jowett. I am not myself enough even of an adopted Oxfordian, despite many profitable hours I have been permitted to spend in the Bodleian, to venture to make a list, however short, of typical Oxford men whom every true son of the university should honor. All I am competent to do is to say that, whenever I go to Oxford, one great personality emerges from the unending file of its notable sons, and stands apart for my imagination with a peculiar and extraordinary impressiveness.

II.

Why is it that my thoughts and my feet always turn first to Pembroke College? Johnson said that in his day it was a nest of singing birds, but I am afraid that the good Doctor knew very little about singing. With Spenser, Milton, Dryden, Gray, Wordsworth, Byron, and Tennyson enrolled among the sons of Cambridge, it seems to be as plain as anything can be in the realms of taste that the university on the Cam has a decided advantage over Oxford as a nursery of songsters. If I were in a pessimistic mood with regard to the present and future of British poetry and wanted to walk among bare, ruined

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choirs where late the sweet birds sang, I should certainly desert the banks of the Isis for those of the rival river, and I should not need to reëxamine the contentious poems of Thomas Warton and William Mason before making my choice. But Oxford has enough great poets of its own to render so invidious a comparison unnecessary, and, as the seat of poetic charm, the nursery of poetic idealism, has this home of lost causes any real rival among institutions of learning?

Dr. Johnson, however, was not a poetic or a charming personality, and he was far from being a representative idealist. The spell of the Middle Ages hangs about Oxford; Johnson is usually considered to have been a typical product of the eighteenth century. Oxford has been the *alma mater* of some of the greatest writers and scholars England has produced; it is open to doubt whether Johnson was a great writer at all, and the quality of his scholarship was hardly commensurate with its wide range. Even in those features of his character in which the stamp of his university is most clearly seen—his devotion to lost causes and his reverence for the Established Church—Johnson seems less memorable than many another Oxford man. We naturally associate the great lexicographer either with Cranford or with the metropolis he so dearly loved, and probably many a modern reader who has a fairly clear idea of his personality would be puzzled to tell offhand which university he attended, or whether he received any sort of formal academic education. Why in the name of all that is reasonable should Dr. Johnson dominate the mind of any sojourner in Oxford?

III.

That he does dominate other minds than mine was proved for me a few years ago by a chance encounter with a fellow American in the smoking room of a small Oxford hotel. The source of my agreeable compatriot's income, if I recollect aright, was that useful metal, copper; the source of his chief delights was Boswell's "Life of Johnson." He carried about with him a handy edition, but he also carried enough of his favorite book in his head to astonish such reticent Britons as he could manage to engage in conversations having his hero for theme. I am inclined, however, to think that the average American visiting Oxford does not pack Boswell alongside of Baedeker. Doubtless Johnson's uncouth, portly form recedes from the imaginations of most visitors, native or foreign, a few moments after they have lost sight of the memorials of him preserved at Pembroke College. For one person who in his mind's eye sees him haranguing his fellow-students in a thread-bare gown or tossing away the new shoes put in charity at his door, there are probably dozens, who, as they move along the narrow streets or make excursions into the adjoining country, repeat to themselves phrases from Arnold's preface or lines from "Thyrsis" and "The Scholar-Gypsy." Any person likely to wonder whether Johnson ever returned to the library of Pembroke the copy of Lobo he trudged so many miles to borrow is still likelier to know the obvious facts in the case from Birkbeck Hill and to refrain from making inquiries. Scores or hundreds of people go to Oxford yearly in order to manifest their veneration for Newman or Pusey; how many really venerate Johnson's memory there or anywhere else? Certainly in no place connected with that memory will one see three spinsters standing in such dense awe as enveloped, one September afternoon, three mute worshippers at the Shelley shrine attached to University College. Those ladies—my countrywomen, I think—bent their eyes, now on the recumbent marble form, now on the star-spangled vault, now on their note-books, and I could not help wondering what use there would be in erecting memorials of questionable taste if there were not a fairly constant number of sentimental persons ever eager for a chance to wreak their emotions. It would be as easy, however, to sit comfortably on a barbed-wire fence as to wreak one's sentimentality over Dr. Johnson or anything connected with him.

IV.

But sentimentalists are not my game, and it is scarcely necessary to add that my reference to those three spinsters I once encountered casts no reflection upon intelligent admirers of a poet whose genius in the sphere of essential lyric poetry is almost unrivalled. What I am bent upon is to determine the reasons why, whenever nowadays I stand upon or approach a spot connected with him, the burly doctor's form fills up, if I may so phrase it, the landscape of my imagination. I have never been to Uttoxeter, but, save St. Giles, Cripplegate, where Milton lies buried, there is scarcely a spot in England that could make more impression upon me than the market-place in the little Staffordshire town where Johnson, by standing in the rain on the site of his father's book-stall, expiated a youthful act of disobedience. That was surely not an heroic feat; from some points of view it was rather a foolish one. If the late Earl of Beaconsfield, or one or two American politicians who shall be nameless, had performed it, I should have been among the first to call it theatrical. In Dr. Johnson, it seems to be a pathetically impressive act of true filial piety, with the elements of sentimentalism and self-display eliminated.

Why do I dissociate from Johnson whatever is merely spectacular, and why does the epithet "impressive" present itself spontaneously whenever I think or write about him? Loyal Johnsonian though I hope I am, I cannot but admit that he was little of a poet; that as a biographer he was surpassed by his follower, Boswell; that he was not the greatest of British scholars; that, although the soundest and sturdiest critic of his day and still unrivalled in his common sense and probity save possibly by Dryden, he was not a very philosophical and acute judge of literature; that as an essayist in the strict sense of the word he fell far short of his predecessor, Addison; that as a writer of fiction, despite the solid merits of "Rasselas," he is not to be compared with Defoe, or Fielding, or Richardson, or even with Goldsmith; that as a moralist he could well have afforded to exchange some of his wholesome sententiousness for a little genial persuasiveness; that as an editor of Shakespeare he was lazy and somewhat slovenly; that, finally, even as a lexicographer he was not entirely above reproach. Undoubtedly, the Dictionary was a great achievement, and so was the "Lives of the Poets," but, when he endeavored to tread the higher walks of literature, his gait was, to say the least, unsteady. The author of the "Life of Richard Savage" was also the author of "Irene," a tragedy which I have not ventured to re-read within the past twenty years. I doubt if I ever shall re-read it, unless—to borrow an amusing remark of Longfellow's with regard to some forgotten or never-known poem—a special act of Congress is passed making such reperusal compulsory upon me. We may smile approvingly at Garrick's epigram to the effect that Johnson had beat forty Frenchmen and would beat forty more—we may add that he browbeat a much larger number of Englishmen; but we must admit that, when every allowance is made for his writings, they bulk small indeed in comparison, for example, with those of his great French contemporary Voltaire.

I value personally "Rasselas" and the "Lives," "The Vanity of Human Wishes," "London," the stanzas on Levett, and some of the impromptu verses, many of the essays in "The Rambler" and "The Idler," the preface to the Shakespeare, numerous letters besides the famous one to Chesterfield, and, last but not least, the prayers and meditations. I value these, and I have reason to believe that in over twenty years of teaching I have helped to make others value them. But with all my admiration for Johnson, I must admit that he left behind him after a long life a very small amount, perhaps too small an amount, of excellent literature to serve as the basis of an imposing and enduring fame. His concrete achievements are neither numerous nor of an exceptionally high or-

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der of merit. Even in his own club he was surpassed as a writer by Goldsmith, Gibbon, and Burke—perhaps by Boswell, too—and he obtained in no single line save as a talker the preëminence of Garrick and Sir Joshua. Can it be that, after all, those persons are right who maintain that Johnson was not truly great save in his capacity as the Ursa Major of Gray—Gray the true poet, sensitive, lover of nature, charming letter-writer, and splendid scholar, to whom Johnson devoted the very worst of all the "Lives"? Can it be that they are right in asserting that the Cham of Literature would not live in our memories to-day, had he not, most inconsistently, allowed a little Scotch sot to toady him?

V.

That these hostile critics of Johnson are partly justified in their contentions cannot well be denied. If Hawkins's biography had remained the standard, if the literary dictator had overawed into silence or nervous prostration Mrs. Thrale and Miss Burney, if he had used on Boswell's obsequious head the club he bought for Macpherson's, it is scarcely open to doubt that not one educated person out of a hundred would be greatly interested in Johnson in this, his bi-centennial year, or would be familiar with his peculiarities and not ignorant of his works.

On the other hand, it may be argued that, while it is Boswell who has really made Johnson known in detail, it is Boswell and the infirmities of human nature that have obscured for many readers the essential greatness of Samuel Johnson's character. Is our ability to quote a man readily and to see in imagination the veins swelling on his forehead as he gulps his tea any proof that we really comprehend his personality? Is not our interest in biographical gossip often satisfied at the expense of our appreciation of a life and character in their totality? In the case of the famous doctor, do we sufficiently realize the fact that in the years before Boswell's narrative becomes copious, Johnson through sheer mental and moral force and through solid acquirements rose from obscurity to comparative eminence, overcame poverty and physical defects that would have daunted most other men, maintained a stanch independence even in Grub Street itself, cherished his old mother and his scarecrow wife, made himself, as his means permitted, the almoner of the distressed, and finally became the commanding central figure of a group of exceptionally able men? Did Johnson dominate such men as Burke and Goldsmith and Reynolds and Garrick and Gibbon merely because he was a very gifted talker of exceedingly bad manners? Were his pension and the interview with George III, that so flattered his loyal soul, due in the main to his political recalcitrance and his ecclesiastical obfuscation? Could Boswell's biography, as I have more than once had occasion to ask, possibly have been such a great book, had not its subject been a very great man? Has the English race in its entire history produced many personalities as robustly and wholesomely impressive as that which emerges when Boswell's biography and Johnson's own works are thoroughly read and not merely skimmed?

No one who will take the trouble to answer these questions—not hastily, but after some reflection and perhaps some refreshing of his memory—will be likely to be seriously indignant with me when I confess that, with John Milton set aside, I can think of no Englishman for whom I have a greater real veneration than I have for Samuel Johnson. Whatever he was or was not, one thing at least he was—a man!

W. P. Trent.

New York.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

The bibliography of Pope's "Essay on Man" has never been properly worked out by any of his editors and commentators. Indeed, the whole bibliography of Pope's writings is a half-explored field. Yet he was the greatest English poet of his century and his books are rare enough and show variations enough to interest collectors.

Marshall C. Lefferts has for a number of years lost no opportunity to add editions or variations to his collection of Pope's works, and had planned a Pope bibliography, the publication of which he has, however, now definitely abandoned. The following notes as to the editions and variations of the "Essay on Man" have been, with his permission, made from his books.

The poem was published in four parts or "Epistles," from February, 1733, to January, 1734. Each, it is said, was issued simultaneously in folio, quarto, and octavo, but it is the folio which is usually considered the first edition, though the quartos and octavos seem to be even rarer. Mr. Lefferts has three of the octavos, but has never seen one of the quartos. The first edition of the first Epistle appears in two forms, both having the title "An Essay on Man. Address'd to a Friend. Part I. London: Printed for J. Wilford, at the Three Flower-de-Luces, behind the Chapter-house, St. Pauls." The form that appears to be the earlier has been heretofore undescribed. It consists of nine leaves, being signatures A, two leaves; B, one leaf; and B (repeated), C, and D, each two leaves. The title (verso blank) and "To the Reader" (two pages) make up the first signature. The text is paged [5], 6 and 9-20, 7 and 8 being omitted from the pagination. Each page of text (except p. 5) has a headline "Epistles," and the page number is in the outer corner. Only the first two pages have the couplets spaced apart. Only three copies are known to Mr. Lefferts besides his own, two being in collections in England (one lacking the title-page) and one in Chicago. The second form (heretofore considered the first edition) consists of ten leaves, signatures A to E, each two leaves. The title and "To the Reader" are identical with the first edition, and were doubtless printed from the same forms. The text is correctly numbered [5]-19. There are no headlines, and the page numbers are in the centre, as is the case with later editions of this Epistle, and with all the editions of the other Epistles. The couplets are all spaced apart, giving the book one more page than the first edition. It was printed on larger sheets than the other, with wider margins.

The first octavo edition has a title with the same wording, but the imprint contains the date, 1733. It was printed, evidently, from the second form described above, as it contains the same error in line numbers, 245-249 being repeated. Though in a smaller type, it is page for page with No. 2, except that pages 17 and 18 each contain two lines less and page 19 four more lines. Elwin is mistaken in saying that the "Address to the Reader" is not in the octavo edition. It is certainly found in Part i.

Another small octavo edition was printed in Dublin, with title as the preceding, but styled "Second Edition," with different publishers, and dated 1734. It was evidently printed from one or the other of the two preceding, though the error in the numbering of the lines has been corrected. These four editions all designate the book as "Part I."

In the third folio edition the title is altered to "An Essay on Man. In Epistles to a Friend. Epistle I. Corrected by the Author," with imprint same as No. 1. The two-page address "To the Reader" of the earlier editions has been suppressed and a new one of seven lines only substituted. "Contents" of Epistles i, ii, and iii fill pp. [4-6], giving the book eleven leaves. A number of changes were made in the text. This was probably issued late in 1733, before Epistle iv was published, but after the publication of Epistles ii and iii.

Another folio edition (actually the fourth) has the words "The Second Edition" added below the line "Corrected by the Author," and has the date 1735 in the imprint. It is page for page with the preceding, but is reset and has different printer's ornaments.

The first edition of the second Epistle has the title "An Essay on Man. In Epistles to a Friend, Epistle II, London: Printed for J. Wilford, at the Three Flower-de-Luces, behind the Chapter-House, St. Paul's." It consists of ten leaves, signatures A, B, C, and D, each two leaves, and E, one leaf, made up of half-title, title, and "To the Reader," each one leaf and text, pp. [5]-18.

The second edition has the same collation, but is reset throughout with different ornaments. The most notable variation is that in this second edition the lines are not numbered.

Wilford's octavo edition of this part has title dated 1733, but is paged continuously from Part i, pp. 23-26. There is also a corresponding Dublin reprint called "Second Edition" with title dated 1734.

The first edition of the third Epistle has the same title as the second except for the substitution of "Epistle III." It also consists of ten leaves made up of half-title, title, and text, pp. [5]-20. At the end is this notice in two lines: "N. B. The Rest of this Work will be published the next Winter."

The second edition of the third Epistle, though entirely reset, differs very slightly. The vignette on the title of the first edition

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has in the centre an open book, in this edition a spread eagle. The page numbers are in a larger type, errors in line numbers are corrected, and the notice at the end is in a single line.

Wilford's octavo edition is paged 37-55 The lines are correctly numbered. The Dublin edition, with title dated 1734, has separate pagination, and, as it contains the same errors in line numbers as the first folio edition, we may presume that it was printed therefrom.

There was apparently but one folio edition of Epistle iv. This, which has a title corresponding to the other parts, has twelve leaves, signatures A to F, each two leaves, made up of title and "Contents," each one leaf, text pp. [1]-18, and advertisement "Lately Published the three former Parts," etc., one leaf.

Mr. Lefferts has not been able to secure Wilford's octavo edition of this part. In the little Dublin reprint called on the title the "Second Edition," the errors in line numbering are corrected.

The four Epistles were collected in 1734, in one volume, quarto, with continuous pagination, with title-page: "An Essay on Man, Being the First Book of Ethic Epistles. To Henry St. John, L. Bolingbroke. London: Printed by John Wright for Lawton Gilliver, MDCCXXXIV."

This book has the appearance of having been extracted from another volume, but no edition of the works agreeing precisely with it can be traced. It is the only copy seen by Mr. Lefferts. It seems to be from the same forms as the "Work of Mr. Alexander Pope, Containing his Epistles and Satires," 1737, on thick paper, but, while having the same title, it differs from the "Essay on Man" as included in "Works," vol. II, 1735.

The first edition with Warburton's commentary and notes appeared in 1743, and later editions in 1745, 1746, 1748, and 1763.

Correspondence.

SQUARE MEASURE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Among all the tables of "compound numbers," which vexed our infancy and still resist the rational simplicity of the metric system, by far the worst is that one absurdly miscalled "square measure." Even in its lineal base, the intrusion of a fraction, 16½ or 5½, between foot or yard and rod, must always arouse suspicion, as well as resentment, even in the childish mind. In truth our table looks like an attempt to reconcile four discordant systems. Certainly as to the square mile, acre, rod, and foot, each larger unit utterly refuses to contain the next smaller one, in square form, an integral number of times. The acre is the frankest alien, for it cannot be laid out square at all, save with a length of side incommensurable with any unit of length known to us.

Certain other peculiarities of this table are so interesting, and to the present inquirer at least so novel and puzzling, that he hopes some specialist can throw more light on its origin.

The mile, in all its variations, both of extent and of name, from the late Greek μίλιον down, must no doubt descend from the *mille passuum* of the Roman legionary, counted with the left foot only. The German *meile*, used for a league or hour's walk, is most in need of explanation. But even there the word, at least, is a perfectly normal "guna" formation (m-a-ile), exactly like the English, from *mille*.

The square mile is most simply and naturally divided by successive quarterings. The first produces our quarter-section, or normal homestead; the second seems to have no important history, while the third is recorded in the old word "fur-long," *i. e.*, furrow-length; a real furrow, presupposing of course not length alone, but area.

The phrase "ten-acre lot" has a certain familiar and traditional sound in all ears. To the average mind it calls up a goodly expanse of turf or ploughed land, with an associated feeling of its natural or duly unified extent. Its normal shape is presumably square.

Now, I have yet to chance upon the farmer, or citizen, who will give offhand, when first questioned, the exact side-length of that same familiar square ten-acre lot. Yet it is precisely the furlong, or normal length for a straightaway furrow. The most familiar type of field, then, is the square furlong.

Certainly that is no accident. And yet, the method of division is here violently changed. The square ten-acre lot cannot be cut up into square acres. Our decimal system cannot express the side of the square acre at all, in feet or inches, furlongs or miles!

However, the square furlong or normal lot can be cut up into two rows of five equal oblong rectangular strips, measurable in integral feet, each 330x132 feet. That is the acre.

Yet the acre, though not obtainable by any quartering process, is itself promptly quartered, into *roods*. The Century Dictionary, which as to etymology was inspired by William D. Whitney, most competent of linguistic scholars, does not clearly differentiate the word "rood," in origin, from rod. Yet there is at least a strong temptation to connect it with the special use of the form "rood" for cross (*cf.* Holy rood), and to call attention to the *cross* formed in the attempt to quarter the (oblong) acre.

Yet again we descend to the rod, which is obtainable from the rood, after three bisections, only by cutting sets of five oblong slices, much the same shape as is the acre when derived from the furlong.

Of course, the rod can also be laid out in many other shapes, including the familiar square, 16½x16½ feet. But a square rood or square acre cannot be completely cut up into patches of a square rod each. So here again "square measure" is a glaring misnomer. But the question asked is:

How came it so? Whence, in particular, the "acre"?

A few remarks on kindred topics may be added.

The furlong is far more familiar to youthful ears to-day as the "220 yards dash." One is tempted to imagine for our ancestors a communal system of agriculture, in which every able-bodied man was given the use of a square furlong or ten-acre field, and so could race, on his own side the hedge, with plough or seed-basket, harrow or hoe, against any one of four conterminous rivals, to his heart's content. Is that a purely imaginative sketch?

The coincidence of this distance, the furlong or 220 yards, with the Greek stadion is not, after all, remarkably close, but yet is hardly a mere chance. The stadion is exactly 600 times a Greek foot, and that unit differed only by 1-100 from our English foot. It is probable that the Greeks had ascertained by experiment that 600 feet is about the distance for which a maximum speed can be secured without a flying start. A hundred yards is too short to make up the initial loss in gathering speed; on the other hand, the limitations of breath and muscular strain forbid the continuance of the full sprinting pace for, e. g., a quarter mile.

The Greeks did, indeed, also run races of several laps, but only up to a mile or so. The atrocities of the miscalled Marathon race, or grilling long distance run, as a form of "sport," they left to Hesperian barbarism.

In closing, a mention of one more exact Hellenic parallel may be ventured. If accidental, it is indeed remarkable. The all but perfect coincidence between the Greek and the English "foot" has been already mentioned. Another unit in wide usage, with no less clear physiological basis, is the cubit (Lat. *cubitus*), or πῆχυς. The Greek, like the Latin word, is the ordinary one for "elbow." Our "ell" has the same origin, but in "ell," as in "yard," the measure usually appears doubled. The πῆχυς, as a measure of of wood or stone, at least, long remained just about 1½ feet, 18 inches, *i. e.*, the distance from the elbow to the extended fingertip of a normal man.

Now, our "rod" is just eleven cubits, 16½ feet. The name rod, or pole, pretty clearly intimates that it is the length at which a man can conveniently handle a wooden staff or measuring stick. Since Homer is our fountainhead for all Hellenic usage, in his works a parallel passage is naturally to be sought. As a matter of fact, he ascribes precisely the same length, eleven cubits, to the noblest ash-wood rod wielded by human hands. Hector's spear is twice mentioned as just "eleven cubits long." Evidently this was the "handy" length, in war or peace. The rod, then, is explicable. But—whence the acre? Wm. C. Lawton.

Scranton, Pa., September 7.

CHANGED MEANINGS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I observed in a bookdealer's window a few days ago a set of school readers bearing the general title of "Stepping Stones to Literature." Though Tennyson once wrote about rising on stepping stones, the use has a queer look to one who, for more than half a century, has considered the only function of stepping stones to be that of assisting the foot traveller to cross a stream dry shod.

I don't know whether any writer has treated the subject of such alterations in the meanings of words as are brought about by ignorant usage in the first instance; but from my observation of certain changes of this sort which are still in process, it seems to me that there is good reason for noting that written speech is subject to this sort of modification. Take, for instance, the

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words "lurid" and "livid." I am unable to recall any example before the civil war of the use of these words in the sense respectively red and pale, as the daily newspapers seem to have decided shall be their meanings hereafter. We now read of the "lurid" flames of a devouring fire, and of the "livid" face of a corpse. Some dictionaries have already gone so far as to sanction these usages.

In the list of proper names in the "Standard Dictionary" I note the word "Frankenstein," with the following definition: "Hero of the story; a man monster." In Mrs. Shelley's story of that name, poor Frankenstein is the victim of the monster, instead of being himself the monster; but if our dictionaries approve of the transfer of qualities as above, it will probably have to be accepted. That was what happened to "incarnadine," which was used as an adjective in the following description of the phœnix in Sylvester's version of the "Divine Weeks" (Week 1, Day 5), several years before Shakespeare used it in "Macbeth" as a verb:

Two sparkling eyes; upon her crown a crest
Of starry sprigs more splendent than the rest;
A golden down about her dainty neck;
Her breast deep purple; and a scarlet back;
Her wings and train, of feathers mixed fine,
Of Orient azure and incarnadine.

Sylvester was intimately acquainted with the French language, and undoubtedly expected readers to understand that the wings and tail of his phœnix were blue and light red, such as may be seen in the eastern sky a little before sunrise. In turning the adjective to a verb, Shakespeare also consciously or unconsciously deepened the indicated color to the hue of blood. To satisfy my curiosity as to the original, I turned in the 1578 edition of Du Bartas to the corresponding lines and found that they had been much expanded in the translation. They are there as follows:

Il fit briller ses yeus: il lui planta pour crête
Un astre flamboiant au somet de sa tête:
Il couurit son col d'or, d'écarlate son dos,
Et sa queuë d'azur.

Sylvester not only changed the sex of the bird, but also gave it new "points": as the incarnadine tint. The word "flamboiant," occurring in the original lines, however, leads one to reflect that great modifications have been made in the signification of this word also. In a magazine just opened I find a notice of a contemporary swaggering romancer, in which he is characterized as flamboyant. In the French text, the word is pretty nearly if not quite synonymous with the English "twinkling."

"Stalwart," we are informed by certain etymologists, is a modification of the Anglo-Saxon "staelwyrdhe," meaning worth stealing. If this view is correct, a great change has come over the face of the expression.

In the *North American Review* for this month Senator Clapp talks of a "recrudescence of interest" in a political question. Twenty-five years ago this would have been an incorrect use, but on turning to the "Standard" I find "revival" given as one of the definitions of "recrudescence." Although it is not yet so given in other dictionaries it may be hereafter, and the user is probably excusable at this time.

I am not forgetting ignorant transformations of foreign words, like "el lagarto" into alligator; "purgatoire" into picket-wire; "chassez" (in calling figures of dances) into sashay, and the like—but that kind of error has been often written about. My object at this time is to call the attention of some investigator to a source of change in language that is likely to be more and more productive as our already immense vocabulary grows still larger.

THERON W. HAIGHT.

Waukesha, Wis., Sept. 1.

DANTE IN AMERICA.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: A recent number of the *Nation* (August 19) contains a review of Toynbee's "Dante in English Literature," and the reviewer notes that no allusion occurs to the influence of Dante upon American writers. Oelsner, in "The Influence of Dante Upon Modern Thought," refers to American devotees of the Tuscan bard only in a footnote, mentioning Longfellow, Lowell, Parsons, Norton; and your reviewer gives us the same names. Permit me to say there are other names not to be overlooked in connection with early Dantean study. George Ticknor is probably the pioneer in this field. Ticknor, while studying at Göttingen, 1815, bribed Balhorn, a lawyer and Italian scholar, with fine Havana cigars, to instruct him in Dante. Prof. Karl Förster described Ticknor as an excellent Italian scholar, who had translated from Dante as early as 1807. Ticknor's journal refers to weekly meetings for the study of the Divine Comedy, held at the house of Dr. de Crollis, in Rome, in the early thirties. About 1831 the American historian expounded Dante to special classes at Cambridge, Mass. In presenting King John of Saxony, himself a profound Dantist, with Longfellow's translation, Ticknor recalls the enthusiastic meetings of the Accademia Dantesca (1835-36) held in the Royal Palace, Dresden. The *lampada vitæ Dantescæ*, so to say, was handed on by the historian of Spanish literature to the historian of the Conquest of Mexico and Peru, and in the letters of Prescott are found some fine appreciations of the genius of the divine poet.

Just now discussion is warm upon the subject of priority in Polar exploits. The discovery of Dante is an interesting item in the annals of American scholarship; let us do due honor to those who first blazed out the path. WILLIAM KINGSTON VANCE.

Fresno, Cal., September 8.

JOHN BUT.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: As a foot-note to the correspondence in the *Nation* (March 25, April 29, and May 13), concerning "Piers Plowman," it may be added that the extraordinary "John But" (who, according to Professor Manly, wrote ll. 56-99 of Passus xii, A-version), may have been something more than a mere scribe or minstrel, as Professor Manly says (Cambridge Hist. of Eng. Literature," II, 35), since the very name occurs in the "Paston Letters," attached to a person well above that rank:

Ryth Wyrchypful hwsbond, I recomawnd me to zw, desyryng hertyly to heryn of zour welfare, praying zw to wete that I was with my lady Morley on the satyrday next after that ze departyd from hens, and told her qhat answer that ze had of *Jon Butt*, and sche teke it ryth strawngely. (Margaret Paston to John Paston, April, 1448.)

John Butt was evidently, as the context shows, a tenant or agent of Paston or Lady Morley. In any case, he lived in East Anglia, where the Morleys and Pastons fought their feuds out. It is not impossible that he was the son or godson of the man who helped "Will" with his vision.

HENRY NOBLE MACCRACKEN.

New Haven, Conn., September 9.

Literature.

HANOTAUX'S HISTORY OF CONTEMPORARY FRANCE.

Contemporary France. By Gabriel Hanotaux. Translated from the French by E. Sparvel-Bayly. With portraits. Vol. IV (1877-1882). New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.75, net.

With this fourth volume, M. Hanotaux brings to a conclusion his remarkable narrative of French history since the war of 1870-71. It has, with the advantages which belong to the work of one who has lived through the events and can recollect the impression which they produced at the time when they occurred, some of the disadvantages inevitably incident to the writing of history before there has been time for the full result of events to be perceived, before the smoke of conflict has cleared away, before the personal feelings of predilection or antagonism which naturally attach to the leading personages in the mind of the spectator have had time to subside. Only a Frenchman, and perhaps only an exceptionally well informed and impartial Frenchman, could determine how far these feelings have warped the judgment of M. Hanotaux, who has himself been a party man and a minister and been brought into close touch with some of the men most prominent in the political conflicts of the time he describes. To us, such feelings are discernible, but M. Hanotaux seems to have tried to keep them within bounds. There are few traces of personal or party hostility in his portraits, or in the anecdotes by which they are set off; and the partiality he shows for Gambetta is pardonable when one considers how much there was in that statesman's character to attract admiration, how much in his fate to awaken sympathy.

The period covered in this volume is six years, whereas the preceding three volumes, taken together, covered only seven. This gives it the character of being hurried, as compared with the leisurely march and copious details which belonged to its predecessors. A large part of it, moreover, is occupied by foreign affairs, although in most of these the part of France was a secondary one.

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The historical student will not regret the comparatively full treatment given to these general European questions, for they are matters of extreme magnitude, and M. Hanotaux, from the knowledge he acquired while in the French Ministry of Foreign Affairs, is able to throw some fresh light upon them. They all relate to the Nearer East. They include the troubles in southeastern Europe, which began with the Herzegovinian insurrection in 1875, which developed into the Servian war of 1876 and the abortive Bulgarian rising of the same year. They cover, but do not sufficiently emphasize, the terrible massacres perpetrated on the Bulgarians by the Turks that summer, massacres which, after futile negotiations between the Great Powers, brought on the war of 1877-78 between Russia and Turkey, and wound up with the Treaty of Berlin in 1878. They also note the occupation of Tunis by France in 1871, and just touch, with a disappointing brevity, the earlier stages of the process by which England was led to take sole authority in Egypt in 1882, France retiring from the so-called Dual Control.

The chapters which deal with the Eastern Question from 1875 to 1878 are full of interest. They present the view of a well-informed diplomatist belonging to that one among the great Powers which took the least active part in the negotiations and controversies, and was in so far best qualified to judge the conduct of the others. They also quote from two unpublished sources: the "Recollections" of Count Peter Schouvaloff, who represented Russia at the English Court in these difficult years, and was one of the Russian plenipotentiaries at the Congress of Berlin, and the also unpublished "Memoirs" of Karatheodori Pasha, who was the senior representative of Turkey at the same Congress. These two sources supply less than one might have expected, but some of the details given by Count Schouvaloff, who was a man of note in his day, and possessed of plenty of talent, have a certain interest, throwing a personal light on the attitude of the leading personages to one another.

M. Hanotaux does not succeed in making his account of the course of events during these three momentous years so clear as might be desired by a reader who does not carry the main facts in his own mind. The chapters are rather a running commentary than a narrative. His appreciation of the situations and the action is always intelligent, but not always correct, and he omits or slurs over some material factors. For instance, although the outburst of feeling in Russia in the middle of 1876 is referred to, the pressure of Russian public opinion on the Czar to go forward against Turkey, and the commanding rôle of Katkoff and his newspaper, are not duly brought out. This is still more the case as regards England. It has often been said the Americans are the only people outside England who can understand the English. It is especially hard for the French to do so. M. Hanotaux has not got to the bottom of the movements of opinion which swayed England during 1876, and the two following years. He has not quite realized that Disraeli, then Prime Minister, was inclined to fight Russia and would have liked to bluff his own Cabinet into war, but that the Cabinet, partly through their own better judgment of the real sentiment of the nation, partly because Gladstone had roused the nation against the Turks after the Bulgarian atrocities and was always ready to fall upon the Ministry with his overwhelming personal force, contrived to hold the Prime Minister back and succeeded in preventing that complete breach with Russia which seemed several times imminent. It was, perhaps, not necessary for our author, in mentioning the Cyprus Convention, made by the British with Turkey, and the secret arrangements made by them with Russia about Batum, to point out the results (eminently disappointing for England) of these two acts, for they did not directly affect France. But they illustrated so well the policy which Disraeli followed that a mention of them would have set his character and capacity for a great foreign policy in a truer light than they bear in the pages of this history. The account of the Congress of Berlin is well done, yet it is odd not to find, among the dicta which M. Hanotaux records, Bismarck's appreciative remark on Disraeli, "The old Jew, that is the man," and the well-known characterization, attributed to De Launay, of Lord Salisbury as "a lath painted to look like iron." As a patriotic Frenchman, M. Hanotaux regrets that France kept herself so much in the background during these struggles. Others may think that she exercised a judicious prudence. Her interests were not really affected. She had nothing to lose by the advance of Russia, and little, if anything, to gain by claiming a share of such booty as was going. It remains to be seen whether the acquisition of Bosnia will turn out to the real profit of Austria. Assuredly the acquisition of Cyprus has brought no profit to Great Britain. Without much effort, France did, in fact, secure one important acquisition, viz., Tunis, for it was at the time of the Congress of Berlin that the British Government intimated that they would give her a free hand there; and as Bismarck subsequently did the like, wishing (as is supposed) to turn her ambitions outside Europe, and perhaps also to heap on her fresh liabilities which she might find embarrassing, she presently went ahead, and, in 1881, made herself virtual mistress of Tunis, much to the annoyance and disappointment of Italy.

In the chapters which contain the French part of this story of six years, the most striking and dramatic scenes are those which preceded and accompanied the last struggle of the monarchical parties in the general elections of October, 1877. "Monarchical" one may call them, because, though the form of government was not openly and avowedly in question, the Ministry of the Duke de Broglie and M. de Fourtou, which conducted the campaign under Marshal MacMahon, were virtually fighting for a monarchical restoration, and their defeat proved to be the *coup de grâce* to every monarchical section, Legitimist, Orleanist, Bonapartist. It is true that the chances of Bonapartism were not deemed to have wholly vanished till the death of the Prince Imperial, Louis Napoleon's only son, in a skirmish in Zululand during the war of the British with the Zulus in 1879; nor those of the House of Bourbon till after the death, long afterwards, of the Count of Paris, to whom the rights of the Count of Chambord descended. Representatives of Napoleon the First and of Henry the Fourth do, indeed, remain: but the pretensions of both have melted hopelessly away. The danger from a dictatorship which subsequently threatened France, in a year which lies later than the period covered by this history, did not proceed from any member of either line, and did not spring from any sentimental or traditional attachment to the monarchical principle.

In M. Hanotaux's pages, the hero of the combat and the victory which has established the Republic in France is Gambetta. Our author dwells with enjoyment upon all his oratorical achievements, and brings the tale to a close when the short lease of power which the great popular chief had at last obtained comes to its sudden end. He faintly indicates, rather than ventures to describe, the causes which began to rob him of real authority as soon as he had officially secured it. This is a pity. Gambetta's career was brilliant enough and will be long enough remembered to permit even his admirers to disclose and explain the causes which weakened his influence. Incidentally, we have an account of the singular series of communications which passed between him and Bismarck. Not long ago there was a lively controversy in Europe over the matter. Some one alleged that Gambetta had actually gone to Berlin and seen his mighty antagonist. Others showed the improbabilities of the case. M. Hanotaux tells us that the meeting had been arranged for in 1878, and that Gambetta suddenly, almost at the last moment, changed his mind, thinking apparently that in the turn things were then taking the possibilities of gain through an adjust-

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ment of French and German policy were not sufficient to justify the risks of injury to himself, which the interview, if it became known, might bring.

There are in this volume some other portrait-sketches of an interest only second to that which Gambetta's excites. President Grévy is painted with a keen and distinctly unfriendly hand. His gifts could not be denied, but the less attractive features of his character, his coldness and dryness, and that want of dignity and loftiness, which the head of a great state ought to possess, are dwelt upon. M. Hanotaux thinks his election to the Presidency was a mistake and that Gambetta ought to have been chosen. He does not convince us. The qualities which evoke enthusiasm are not always those which call forth the sort of confidence and sense of stability which were needed, at the moment when MacMahon resigned, in the person who should succeed him and hold all Republicans together. Grévy excited less affection, or admiration, than Gambetta, but also less jealousy and suspicion.

The comparatively brief sketches of Bismarck, Gortchakoff, and Schouvaloff do not add much to what students of the time already know. Those of Lords Beaconsfield and Salisbury present a picture which is neither complete nor correct. But where M. Hanotaux is on his own soil and has ample materials, his delineations can be delicate and instructive. Such is that of Freycinet, the capable and resourceful man who never did anything brilliant, never made a mark, either as speaker or thinker, or as leader, yet constantly came to the front, because he had so many gifts as an administrator and so much adaptability for Cabinet and Parliamentary purposes. Two other men who figured largely in those days, Jules Simon and Jules Ferry, are also touched in with a careful brush. No recent historian has realized better than M. Hanotaux how much difference in the evolution of events the personality of men makes. Whatever be the case in America, personality seems in the Old World to count for just as much in a democracy as it used to do in the despotic monarchies, though the persons who make the difference are, no doubt, more numerous. Strong as is now the sweep of what are called the "secular forces and tendencies," there has not been a moment during the last forty years in the chief European countries when the removal of two or three men in each country would not have powerfully affected the form and direction those forces were taking. Specially important for the peaceful triumph of the republican principle in France was the character of Marshal MacMahon. He was himself in principle a monarchist, and in religion a Roman Catholic. His wife was more fervent than he in both these respects. His personal friends were nearly all of the same color. A less upright and loyal man, a more personally ambitious man, would have played the rôle, if not of Oliver Cromwell, at least of Gen. Monk, and would have carried through a *coup d'état* in favor of monarchy, for which it would have been perfectly easy to find pretexts. But MacMahon's honorable instincts repelled all such suggestions. He accepted ministries most distasteful to his own feelings, and when the action they proposed for his guidance became too repellent, he quietly resigned.

In this last volume. M. Hanotaux's style retains all its vivacity and its finish. One propensity, visible in the earlier volumes, becomes more pronounced, and, indeed, too pronounced, in this one: the love of epigrammatic phrasing. In some of his epigrams, though the words sparkle, the sense is dark; in others, the glitter scarcely conceals a platitude. Although the translation is well executed, it may be that, in some of these instances, the expression has suffered a little in passing into English from a language which, like French, seems to invite epigram. Nevertheless, the tendency to state obvious things in a highly wrought way has in this volume come near to becoming a mannerism. Some critics may complain that in the sketches of men and the dramatic treatment of situations, the graver underlying elements of politics receive too little attention. In such a criticism there would be truth, but it may be suggested that the time has scarcely yet arrived for a philosophic investigation of underlying causes.

It is with regret that we part from this animated narrative of events fateful for France and for Europe, which so intelligent and well-informed an observer has given us. It is all the more valuable because the events are so near our own time that all but the best memories, outside France, have forgotten the details. M. Hanotaux has probably done well to close at a time so far distant that the vehemence of party feeling regarding the chief actors has subsided. Of those actors hardly any are still upon the stage. But we cannot but hope that he is even now composing a sequel, bringing the story down to the beginning of the present century, which may, in another ten or fifteen years, be given to the world. The historian who comes fifty years hence to this subject will be grateful for the light which this contemporary observer, who knew the men and remembers the impressions of the moment, gives here, and will (we hope) give again, with so much grace and vigor.

CURRENT FICTION.

The White Prophet. By Hall Caine. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

An "author's note" prefixed to this volume states that, contrary to opinions drawn forth by its serial publication, the narrative "is intended to be read as a work of fiction only." The allegation has been that real persons and events in recent Egyptian history are here shadowed forth: a supposition not likely to be disposed of by Mr. Caine's rather elusive disclaimer. However the story may be intended "to be read," few readers will doubt that it was intended to be in some sense a portrait of the thing as it is. The phrase recalls a couplet aimed at Mr. Caine some years ago by a witty rhymester:

> He sits in a sea-green grotto with a bucket of lurid paint,
> And paints the thing as it isn't for the God of things as they ain't.

This enthusiastic novelist's verisimilitude could hardly be conceived as of actionable quality. In fact, he is a moralist, not a story-teller. He is not of those who present and interpret human life and character in the concrete. He deals in problems and situations; and his fictions are a series of elaborate parables. But a parable should not be elaborate; to clothe itself in the trappings of realistic fiction is to deny its birthright. However sound the moral of the present fable, the persons and incidents of it are preposterous. Great events and heroic emotions are understood to be involved. Not only the fate of Egypt and of England in the East, but the fate of Christian civilization is supposed to hang in the balance.

The chief figure is Lord Nuneham, British Consul-General at Cairo, and virtual despot of Egypt. After many years of power, he has become purely arbitrary in the expression of his authority. He has only contempt and distrust for the native character. His son, a brilliant young soldier who has grown up in Egypt, has a very different point of view. He loves the Egyptians and their land, and has faith in her possible future as an independent nation. He is a colonel, second in command of the British army of occupation, and betrothed to the daughter of his superior officer. News comes of a later Mahdi among the Mohammedans, who is said to be stirring up sedition. Nuneham has dismissed the Khedive from Egypt as a suspicious character, and now makes up his mind that this ranting Arab, Ishmael Ameer, is a new danger to be put down. The son, Col. Lord, is ordered to Alexandria to attend to the matter —that is, to apprehend the new popular leader, and bring him, practically a prisoner, to Cairo. But Lord does not find the Arab a mischief-maker or political aspirant. He is a prophet of spiritual truth, quite as bitter against the

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degeneracy of Islam as against the corrupt European civilization which the English have imposed upon Egypt. He is bent upon the regeneration of the modern world, not upon the triumph of any creed or faction. His doctrine, his spirit, are strikingly like those of the Christ whom Western nations profess and fail to follow. The young soldier returns to Cairo not only without the expected captive, but as his expressed admirer. The Consul-General and the commanding officer are furious. Lord is given a command which his conscience forbids him to obey. Degraded and threatened with a court-martial, he leaves Cairo. From this point on the incidents of the plot are fantastic and melodramatic. The account of them is drawn out to the point of tedium: Mr. Caine has a habit of dwelling interminably upon his facts without really illuminating them.

A Charming Humbug. By Imogen Clark. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

It is extraordinary that wealthy heroines who go as substitutes for governesses in fiction continue to assume the names of the parties of the first part, instead of taking fresh ones. It is, of course, a practice helpful to the intricacies of a plot, and one that contributes heavily to its improbabilities; but as a device it grows nearly as shop-worn as the gun that isn't loaded. For better or worse, we are in for it in the story of "A Charming Humbug." Then we go on to meet that ancient foster-child of fiction, the little-boy-in-love-with-his-governess who intends to marry her "when he is a man"—who at the first interview decides that her name, her purloined name, is "stiffish," and is made happy by her confiding to him for his use "a little heart-name the people who love me call me." This is the sort of boy who, for the most part wallowing properly in slang, has moments when he likes "verses with a run-up-and-down-your-back feeling in 'em"; and who in the early morning drive expresses his love of nature thus:

> It kinder chokes a fellow, don't it? Chokes him up till he finds out how ripping it all is. Ain't you glad to be alive in this bully old world, Gay?

In continuation there must be found room for the gentleman guest who devises ways of being with the governess and the boy, and so on to the predestined end. There is little to separate the story from its kind, excepting in the episode of the true governess's clerical fiancé coming upon the scene and precipitating disclosure. For the sugary and the pert that go to make such tales, this one fully equals the average; and for elaborated conversation addressed to an unseen gallery, it is perhaps beyond the required standard. In its case, as in theirs, it all results in a harmless and reasonably amusing little novel.

The Patience of John Morland. By Mary Dillon. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

The Muse of History will some day arise and demand an accounting from the novel writers. That day draws near, one must think, when with Andrew Jackson's administration for background and with the cabals of his Cabinet for accompanying fife and drum, the affair of Peg O'Neal and Major Eaton is spun out into a checkered love story, as full of blushes, rogueries, curled eyelashes, woman's wiles and man's misgivings as any mushy "storiette" of the periodical. Mrs. Dillon avowedly stirs fiction-stuff into the making of her hero and heroine, easing her own attitude in the matter by giving them new names. Peg O'Neal becomes Kitty McCabe. Her first husband is changed from Timberlake to Sutherland; and her second, Major Eaton, Senator from Tennessee and Secretary of War, figures as John Morland. He it is who has the patience; he who saves Kitty from an elopement, endures her whims, befriends her and her drunken husband, and is at last rewarded by her hand, only to be plunged into the social embarrassments which helped to make the history of Jackson's first Cabinet. The disguise of names does not extend to the other characters and thus we walk in and out on terms of affable familiarity with Jackson, Calhoun, Adams, Van Buren, Webster, and Clay. The result is as to fiction a readable but rather commonplace showing of girlish caprice and long-suffering chivalry; as to history, a group of names, a list of policies, a mirror of costumes, and a few scenes. Almost desirable, if the historic novel is to persist, is Miss Mühlbach's candid habit of indicating each fact by an asterisk. The chief merit of the type after all, and by no means a small one, lies in its sending an occasional reader to the real thing.

A Slight Indiscretion. By N. Y. Homer. New York: Cochrane Publishing Co.

"N. Y. Homer" is a prophet of vivacious and cynical humor who speaks with the tongues of drummers, and has an honest ambition to record things as they are. American novelists as a rule (says he) blink the facts. They are afraid to concern themselves with the divorce and murder, which, as every newspaper reader knows, are the staples of modern life. Not so our Jeremiah: he has kept his eyes open, and his utterance has no uncertain sound. His story is, he declares, to be "a story of to-day, as we all see it among the high and low, the rich and the poor, the virtuous and the vicious; a story of life as it really is in this, the grandest country the sun ever shone on." Its hero (and martyr) is introduced as the proprietor of a rural variety store. "He was liked by all with whom he came in contact; and his lady, well, she was hardly to be mentioned the same day with other women." But the lady in course of time proved frail; acquired a lover, who murdered her husband, married her, and played the villain in the stock market to his own eventual undoing. Justice is visited upon the murderer and his wrongly acquired "lady." She takes poison and he, not long after, is shot. Observation less biased by the testimony of the newspapers affords, it may be, a more trustworthy basis for the interpretation of American life; but the present attempt is not without its instructive and even engaging aspects.

POETRY AND LIFE.

Fleet Street and other Poems. By John Davidson. New York: Mitchell Kennerley. $1 net.

John Davidson's unhappy end gives this last book of his a special interest, and, indeed, it is in this case his death which offers criticism the better text of the two. For while there are poets whose poetry is something substantive and substantial in itself, there are others whose work is rather the complement of their sufferings and misfortunes, acquiring significance largely from their immanence in it, as a lake takes its light and color from the sky. While one creates of his superfluity and leaves his creation alone to take its chances; the other labors to eke out his own existence and to repair in imagination the short comings of reality. It is to this latter class that John Davidson belongs. In spite of much good, though curious, verse, without which we should be the poorer by a thing unique, the appeal of his poetry draws very much upon the humanity of its author—one, as he says with evident reference to himself,

> Who could rehearse
> Unheard-of things; whose thoughts were gray
> With travail, and whose reason scarce
> Escaped the onslaught of the universe:
>
> Yet one who waged an equal strife,
> And, unsubdued, beyond the sad
> Horizon of terrestrial life
> In noisome cloud and thunder clad,
> And death-cries of the past that bade
> Repent, above the galaxy
> Enthroned himself; and, sane or mad,
> Magnanimously claimed to be
> The soul and substance of eternity.

Such is the *Dichtung*, the poetic spell he tried to throw around his life. In respect to the origin of his inspiration, it recalls the words of Browning's Caliban:

> Thinketh it came of being ill at ease;
> He hateth that he cannot change his cold
> Nor cure its ache.

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But for all its perversity—and that there is a kind of artistic and moral perversity about it, cannot be denied—it is by no means commonplace or ignoble. The difficulty is that such a vision is impossible nowadays even as a literary convention. The contrast with *Wahrheit* and reality as it appears in moments of depression is too irksome to be endured. Hence it is, perhaps, that the sardonic spectres of actuality, dissolvent of illusion, in its crudest and most typical aspects—the mob and the complacent vulgarian, together with their favorite places of repair, the railway station and Crystal Palace, and the like—come more and more to haunt his consciousness and at once revolt and fascinate him. In particular, the intent of his ironic exhortation to the bricks of Fleet Street is unmistakable—

Such an enviable fate
As that of any single solid brick
In Fleet Street, London, well and truly laid,
A moulded, tempered, necessary brick
In that most famous faubourg of the world,
Exceeds our merits! Could we but attain
The crude integrity of commonplace
Cohesion even in the most exhausted, most
Decrepit, ruinous, forgotten orb
In some back alley of the Milky Way,
How happy we should be!

It is the same story of the two worlds of dream and reality and the chill awakening as is told in the melancholy words of his advertisement, spoken in his own person:

The time has come to make an end. . . . I find my pension is not enough; I have therefore still to turn aside and attempt things for which people will pay.

There is, no doubt, much human stuff of superior quality which refuses to lie in regular courses; but alas for its happiness in a world of four-square—"the hell of the unfit"! And when sickness and misfortune are added to these moral irregularities, the problem is insoluble.

But this is not all. There are compensations for him who is willing to pay the price—and compensations, we may judge, of no mean order. There may be an exaltation even in defeat which raises such a nature to an outlook above that of ordinary vision:

When, naked, I wrestled with Fate,
The Destinies trampled me down;
I fought in the van and was great,
And I won though I wore no crown,
In the lists of the world; for Fate
And the Destinies trampled me down—
The myrmidons trampled me down.

This is the better Davidson—not the mutineer, the *révolté* of "Cain," with its wanton reversal of accepted values and its vicious confusion of achieved distinctions, but the remote and disinterested observer of men, the satirist ironic and yet not wholly ungenial, the seeker of the picturesque in unlikely places, the riddler of cosmic riddles. It is for this singular combination of authorship that we should rather thank the poet's thwarted sensibility—the sort of thing that finds expression imperfectly in "Two Dogs" and with characteristic fulness in the fifty and five gutter-merchants of "Liverpool Street"—

Their eyes were fire, their wrinkles changed
To shadowed sculpture in the brute
Effulgence of the windows, ranged
Together closely, foot by foot,
Like giant marionettes, as mute,
As quick and as mechanical,
Fronting the shops, they made their suit
By signs alone; and each and all
Unhuman seemed, austere, asexual.

Life of Friedrich List, and Selections from His Writings. By Margaret E. Hirst, with an Introduction by F. W. Hirst. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2 net.

List is an economist whose literary reputation has lagged far behind the immense practical influence he exerted. The prophet of the German Zollverein and the German railway system, his works are not infrequently rated with those of second-class economists, when indeed his works are not forgotten altogether. Such an anomaly is largely righted by this vivacious story of his life, and sane appraisal of his writings. Peculiarly incisive is the verdict upon the American influences which mirrored themselves in his crowning work, the National System of Political Economy.

List was a striking type of the fiery political refugee whose race has seemingly become extinct. Advanced early in life by the favor of the Würtemberg minister Wangenheim to a professorship at Tübingen, he was elected a member of the Representative Assembly, and flung himself boldly into the struggle for internal freedom of trade. Prussia alone at the time had sixty-seven different internal customs barriers, imposed duties on over twenty-seven hundred articles, and supported a customs force of eight thousand officials. List's activity in this project brought him into disfavor, and, being condemned in a judicial action, he suffered imprisonment, and eventually, with his family, went into exile. In 1825, he reached America, led to our shores partly through his acquaintance with Lafayette. He settled in central Pennsylvania, experimented at farming, and, failing therein, began the promotion of coal mines, railways, and canals.

It was while in this country that he first clearly elaborated his distinction between national and cosmopolitan economics. He afterwards developed the idea in his National System. For a primitive community, he taught, free exchange is dictated by the necessity of awaking the torpor of the inhabitants. Next a dose of protection is to be accorded to develop infant manufactures. Finally when these industries are mature, they are to be exposed to world-wide competition under free trade in order to maintain their virility and excellence. What List wholly left out of his reckoning was the emergence of industrial monopoly on the one hand, and the dogged selfishness of industrial interests which have once tasted the blood of consumers exposed by a tariff. As Mr. Hirst says in his introduction:

Had he lived another half-century to see the American tariff on worsteds and woolens raised higher and higher . . . he might have begun to question the working value of his theory. Instead of tariffs falling as industries grow, colonial, American, and European experience tells us that the reverse is usually the case.

List's lasting influence for good was in securing internal free trade and the German network of railways.

List was "an inveterate visionary," a "born journalist and agitator." His style was vivid, pugnacious, direct, and sometimes slanderous (p. 124). With all its faults his work has a singular charm. He was impetuous to the last degree. Wolfgang Menzel's description is cited—"his short, squat body . . . crowned by a disproportionately large and lion-like head. His eyes sparkled, thunder played round his fine brows, and his mouth was as fiery as the crater of Vesuvius." His was a romantic figure, and his violent end was almost an inevitable climax to his career. The author's presentation is well executed. We have discovered but a single error, where 1787 is given (p. 38) for 1789, as the date of the first Tariff act.

Introduction to Early Welsh. By John Strachan. London: Sherratt & Hughes.

Welsh Medieval Law. By A. W. Wade-Evans. New York: Henry Frowde. $2.90 net.

The early Irish language and literature have received in general more attention from scholars than the early Welsh, but several important works of the past few months may be said to restore for the time being the balance between the two branches of Celtic philology. In the current *Heft* of the *Zeitschrift für Celtische Philologie*, Prof. Ludwig Christian Stern has published what must be reckoned the best critical study yet made of the works of the great fourteenth century bard, Dafydd ap Gwilym; and almost simultaneously with his important article there have appeared in England two works devoted to the Welsh language and law.

There is especial cause for satisfaction in the fact that Professor Strachan's work had been carried far enough, before his lamented early death, to be saved to scholarship. The author, in keeping with what we have already suggested is a common practice of Celtic

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specialists, devoted his earlier studies chiefly to Irish, and was recognized as one of the foremost authorities on Irish historical grammar before he undertook the extensive treatment of Welsh linguistics. The present volume was put together with great rapidity during the last months of his life, and bears here and there marks of incompleteness. But it presents a systematic survey of early Welsh grammar, the first to be published since the "Grammatica Celtica" of Zeuss; and Celtic scholars are fortunate in receiving so important a work from the hands of an acknowledged master. The texts which accompany the grammar were selected chiefly to give practice in reading, but they include some hitherto unprinted manuscript material, and they are admirably edited. The glossary is a welcome addition to the scanty lexicographical resources of students of mediæval Welsh. The whole work has been brought out under the supervision of Prof. Kuno Meyer, who has discharged his part, it need hardly be said, with the competence of a scholar and the fidelity of a friend.

Mr. Wade-Evans's book is chiefly of value as supplying students of Welsh literature and institutions with a scrupulously careful text and translation of one of the law-books of the code ascribed to Howel Dda. In the older edition of the "Ancient Laws," by Aneurin Owen, the text was an amalgamation derived from several versions. But the present editor has adhered to a single manuscript tradition, that of MS. Harl, 4533, which is, according to the excellent authority of Mr. Gwenogfryn Evans, the oldest and most important representative of the so-called "Book of Cyfnerth," or Gwentian Code. It is to be hoped that the other books, or local codes, may be made similarly accessible. Mr. Wade-Evans's translation, as he himself says, is necessarily tentative in many places. His introduction contains a careful account of the various manuscripts of the different law-books and a brief sketch of Welsh history from the departure of the Romans down to the reign of Howell the Good. The historical doctrines presented are, some of them, to say the least, heterodox, and should be received with caution. For fuller arguments in defence of views which depart from received opinion, and which are rather dogmatically set forth in the present volume, readers should consult Mr. Wade-Evans's articles in the *Celtic Review* (Edinburgh) for 1905.

The Christian Doctrine of God. By William Newton Clarke, D.D. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50 net.

Something over twenty years ago, after a period of long barrenness in the field of systematic theology in both Great Britain and America, there was discovered a privately printed volume of outlines of Christian doctrine, which surprised and delighted by its originality and force, its discerning insight and gentle persuasiveness. The author was found to be a Baptist clergyman, then past middle life, who had been impressed into the service of a theological school as temporary instructor in dogmatic theology during the illness of the regular incumbent. These outlines were seized upon by teachers who felt that Hodge, Shedd, and Strong were wofully out of touch with the times, and yet who had no comprehensive treatise, alive to modern difficulties, to put in their place. Here at last was a systematic theologian capable of doing thorough justice to every phase of orthodox doctrine, yet a man of the present age, aware of the necessity of reconstructing nearly every chapter of the church's working creed.

Of course, such a book could not be hid. Expanded and revised for general use, it was published under the title "Outlines of Christian Theology," and immediately fell into high favor among moderate men of all communions, both at home and in Great Britain. One who chanced to be travelling in Wales the summer after it was published found it even in the bookstores of remote villages. It is safe to say that no work concerning Christian doctrine of the last twenty years has had a wider or more wholesome influence. There is no book which can be put into the hands of one inquiring about any phase of Christian belief with better prospect that he will find his difficulties met, in the form in which he sees them, with a spirit of honest candor, and with no small portion of clear, resolute thinking.

Dr. Clarke was not released from his *pro tempore* professorship. Until the last year or two he has taught continuously at Colgate, and lectured both in England and America. His best work, however, is done by the pen, and his occasional lesser volumes, such as "The Use of the Scriptures in Theology," "Can We Believe in God the Father?" have performed useful service. It has long been known that he was engaged in the preparation of a work on "The Christian Doctrine of God" for the International Theological Library, and high expectations have been held as to the character and value of the work. These hopes are now justified. The book in hand is easily Dr. Clarke's *magnum opus.* The theme gave him a great opportunity, suited to his temperament and to the particular quality of his personal faith. The time is ripe, as many have been saying, for constructive work in theology. The religious life, of which doctrine is the outgrowth, is notably richer, sweeter, and saner than that out of which the older theologies had their rise. Criticism has exposed a thousand errors, and made it easier to avoid unfounded presuppositions. Sensitive to the good in both the old and the new, and responsive to the needs of the present, avoiding haste in preparation, Dr. Clarke has contributed to Christian thought an eminently reverent, thorough, and wise presentation of the best Christianity has to offer as conviction concerning God and His relations to the universe and to men.

The book is not an essay in theism. It is not a philosophical discourse on the grounds of theistic belief and defence of its reasonableness. It is not a summary of biblical teaching concerning God, nor a criticism of the classical Christian symbols in so far as they attempt to define the divine attributes. One is struck by the absence of reference to other writers in a work of such large compass, which handles the favorite theme of numberless theologians and philosophers. After a careful reading Paley is the only author whose name one remembers to have seen in the entire discussion. It is evident that the work is not controversial—the spirit as well as the form is irenic, and one would as soon think of quarrelling with the first Epistle of St. John as with Dr. Clarke's essay. "We shall encounter views of God that we cannot accept," he declares; "we may leave them, but we need not stay to slay them. The views of him that we accept should be borne in upon our souls by the tide of a mighty peace, and received in a calmness that has small place for controversy. The doctrine of God will fight its own battles, and the best that we can do for it is to set it forth."

It is a fair review of Dr. Clarke's volume to say that he sets forth the Christian doctrine of God in this devout and gracious spirit. By that doctrine he means the conception of God for which Christianity now stands, that view of Him which "Christian faith and thought propose for the present time, in view of the Bible, and of the history, and of all sound knowledge and experience, interpreted in the light of Christ the revealer." He sets forth the sources of this idea of the divine being, in the ancient ethical conception of the Hebrew prophets, in the life and teaching of Jesus, and in the growth of Christian thought and experience. He is bold enough to maintain that much that is truly Christian has come to light and full force since the Galilean life and the days of the Apostles. He sets aside, without rancor but with firmness, much that has maintained itself as Christian with high authority. He does not argue, he is at no great pains to defend: he declares with the beauty of simplicity the sublime faith in the beneficent ruler of the universe to which heroic souls have been led under the mastery of him who taught the world to pray "Our Father."

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The Hand-Book of Alaska: Its Resources, Products, and Attractions. By Major-Gen. A. W. Greely, U. S. A. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.

Alaska has been so remote, and in many parts so inaccessible, that to the present day trustworthy data as to what it really is and contains have been hard to obtain. At the time of its acquisition it was generally believed to be an ice-bound uninhabitable waste. Some enthusiastic writers now paint it as a veritable Garden of Eden in its beauty and productiveness. Between these extremes have come representations of the most varied character as to its availability for human uses. To the too often untrustworthy Alaskan literature Gen. Greely's book is a welcome contribution. One of the most accomplished and experienced officers of the army, he has had extraordinary opportunities for becoming acquainted with far Northern conditions. He has been head of the signal service, twice military commander in Alaska, a frequent visitor almost since the date of its cession by the Russians, not only a most intelligent observer, but an efficient agent in the country's development.

The book presents usually only facts and statistics, devoid of glamour. What wealth has been amassed by miners, farmers, fur-hunters, fishermen, and traders, is stated in figures taken from official documents. "Moderately successful" is a frequent phrase applied to enterprises in all the various fields. Though millions have been gained, much of the effort hitherto put forth in Alaska has ended in disappointment. But while Alaska, as compared with many other areas of the United States, has a heavy handicap, it possesses unmistakably vast resources. As to one thing only does Gen. Greely allow himself superlatives—the magnificence of the scenery: for this he holds that the world elsewhere has no parallel. Modestly disclaiming for himself the power to describe, he quotes many glowing passages from others, endorsing as simply correct portrayals what the world has been disposed to think extravagant.

We have read with especial interest Gen. Greely's account of the native population, among whom the Eskimos and the Aleutian Islanders are rude races unusually endowed with capacity and attractive qualities. It is painful to know that up to the present, white men have sought them mainly "for exploitation and debauchery"—a contact under which their numbers have dwindled and their character deteriorated. The land and sea animals upon which they depended for subsistence have been pursued by the newcomers almost to extermination, while liquor and licentiousness have done among them the usual devil's work. Gen. Greely speaks cordially, however, of the work of the missionaries, of the educational work of some of the commercial companies, and gives a consoling picture of how the government, by successfully introducing the reindeer, is to some extent making good the destruction of the whale, walrus, and the seal.

Notes.

"The Short Story in English," by Prof. Henry Seidal Canby of Yale, now in press, is intended to be a critical guide and an historical account. The publishers, Henry Holt & Co., also announce for publication this autumn "Masters of the English Novel," by Richard Burton, professor of English literature at the University of Minnesota.

John Davis's "Travels of Four Years and a Half in the United States of America (1798-1802)," which will be published next month by Henry Holt & Co., has been described as the only book of the period written by a traveller in the United States, the object of which is not so much statistics as pure narrative. This is not so remarkable when we remember that Davis was a novelist and a friend of Brockden Brown. The travels described extend from New York to South Carolina. This is the narrative of which Trevelyan wrote in his "American Revolution": "An exquisitely absurd book, which the world, to the diminution of its gayety, has forgotten."

Prof. W. J. Ashley as editor, the Messrs. Longman, Green & Co. as publishers, promise a new edition of Mill's "Principles of Political Economy" in which will be indicated, with their dates, all changes in the text reflective of variation or development in Mill's opinions.

The Putnams announce a new study of "Fernando Cortes and His Conquest of Mexico," by Francis A. MacNutt. The same publishers are preparing, under the editorship of Katharine N. Birdsall, "The Young People's Book Shelf," which is to contain some twenty volumes of verse and prose adapted to the understanding of the young, and intended to stimulate as well as to entertain.

B. W. Huebsch announces for publication this autumn a number of works dealing with the question of socialism. Thus, we are promised John Spargo's "The Substance of Socialism" and "Karl Marx," as well as Edward Bernstein's "Evolutionary Socialism: A Criticism and Affirmation," translated by Edith C. Harvey.

The issue of a second edition of Dr. George Burman Foster's "The Finality of the Christian Religion" (University of Chicago Press) gives the publishers the opportunity to announce that the second part of this work will be ready before the end of the year, and it has enabled the writer to correct typographical errors, and to restate, in a brief preface, his belief in a "free religion."

On September 18 Houghton Mifflin Company will issue the following list of books: "Robinson Crusoe," illustrated by E. Boyd Smith; "The Oath of Allegiance, and Other Stories," by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps; "The New Golfer's Almanac," by W. L. Stoddard; "Oliver Wendell Holmes," by Samuel M. Crothers; De Cesare's "Last Days of Papal Rome," translated by Helen Zimmern, and with an introductory chapter by G. M. Trevelyan; "The Elements of Military Hygiene," by Major Percy M. Ashburn.

The publishers of *Las Novedades*, a weekly newspaper of some years' standing, announce that on October 1 they will begin publication of the first Spanish daily newspaper to be issued in New York city. The name of the new newspaper will be the *Diario de las Novedades*.

Among the books to be published this month by Charles Scribner's Sons are: "The Narratives of New Netherland, 1609-1664," a new volume in the series of Original Narratives of Early American History, edited by Dr. J. F. Jameson, general editor of the series; "The First George in Hanover and in England," by Lewis Melville; "Famous Women of Florence," by Edgecumbe Staley; "Society and Politics in Ancient Rome," by Frank F. Abbott; "Universities of Ancient Greece," by J. W. H. Walden; "The Problem of Human Life," by Rudolph Eucken; "Church Unity," by Dr. C. A. Briggs; "The Mystery of Education," by Barrett Wendell; "The American of the Future," by Brander Matthews. Some of the illustrated books to be published by Scribners are an edition of "The Arabian Nights: Their Best Tales," illustrated by Maxfield Parrish; W. H. Wright's "The Grizzly Bear"; C. W. Murlong's "The Gateway to the Sahara"; and, for younger readers, "The Story of Rustem, and Other Persian Hero Tales," by Elizabeth Renninger; "The Boys' Catlin," and Dan Beard's "The Boy Pioneers."

Students of Swift will appreciate "The Battle of the Books," edited by A. Guthkelch (London: Chatto & Windus; in the King's Classics). In the introduction the editor ranges over the battlefield of the quarrel between the ancients and the moderns, from Perrault and Fontenelle to Swift's "Apology," 1710. The appendix gives selections from Sir William Temple's "Essay," from Wotton's "Reflections" (both editions), from Boyle's "Phalaris," Bentley's "First Dissertation," Boyle's "Examination," and Bentley's "Second Dissertation." The notes are copious, and the bibliography seems to us exhaustive. In brief, we do not remember another English prose classic furnished with so generous an outfit. The reader has before him everything likely to throw light upon one of the most genial, yet at the same time most puzzling, of literary satires. Only at one point have we found the editor lacking. He has overlooked the interesting discovery, made twenty years ago by Feyerbrand, *Englische Studien*, XI, 487-491, that the end of the "Battle," the Bentley-Wotton episode, though printed by Swift as prose, is really for the most part in blank verse. One has only to read aloud to catch the rhythm. This metrical structure accounts for the ironical grandiloquence of the diction. The "Battle" thus anticipates Pope's "Rape of the Lock."

In condensing the narratives of Henry Hudson's biographers, Thomas A. Janvier ("Henry Hudson," Harper & Bros.) draws the conclusion that every important move in the explorer's life "of which we have record seems to have been a forced move, sometimes with a look of chance about it."

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To his mind, the element of fatalism is always apparent, particularly in Hudson's third voyage, "that evidently had its origin in a series of curious mischances, and that ended in his doing precisely what those who sent him on it resolved that he should not do." This was the voyage that led to the exploration of the river that bears Hudson's name. The fourth voyage, too, suggests predestination. Hudson, detained in England, and forced to serve only under her flag, was sent out to his death in Hudson's Bay. In connection with this voyage, Mr. Janvier produces for the first time contemporary documents, which had remained hidden for three centuries in the Record Office in London. These are a valuable addition to Hudson memorabilia. Heretofore, the sole source of information concerning the mutiny which resulted in his death has been the "Larger Discourse" of Prickett, member of the Discovery's crew; now we have not only the sworn testimony of Prickett, but that of five of his mates, and the fact is definitely established that the mutineers were brought to trial, although there is no clue as to whether they were punished. From the way in which the testimony hangs together, Mr. Janvier thinks it probable that the Discovery's crew had more than a colorable grievance against Hudson, although it is apparent that the mutineers were interested in making out a favorable case for themselves.

The "Addresses and Reprints" of Moncure Daniel Conway (Houghton Mifflin Co.) form, as it were, a documentary appendix to his interesting autobiography, published some years ago. The earliest was written in 1850, when the author, a lad of eighteen, was an unquestioning participant in slavery and Methodism. His whole polemic against slavery and against dogmatic religion gives favorable evidence of his early acquaintance with what he strove to abolish; for while in each case it enabled him to speak with authority of the evils he detected, it secured for him a sympathetic understanding of his foes which bred not only amenity in debate but a sounder position than was attained by some of his fellow-crusaders. The question of dogma could not be settled like that of slavery by resort to arms, nor would Mr. Conway have had it so settled. It remained one of the great interests of his life, for he was one of the joyful, aggressive agnostics of the mid-Victorian type, and the resort to arms was indeed the point at which his attacks on injustice and inhumanity converged. All his other interests, and they were many, were congruous with this, and if some of his quarrels with folly were composed, and others grew old-fashioned, this one sufficed to keep him abreast of the generations. It was a good idea to publish these selections from a body of work that reflected so many phases of the great period of change through which he lived, and to give the public a quickened memory of a courageous and warm-hearted personality.

As a tribute to the memory of Gen. Herkheimer of Oriskany, and in honor of the two hundredth anniversary of the great outpouring in 1709, an instructor at Heidelberg has published a history of the emigration from the Palatinate ("Auswanderung und Koloniegründung der Pfälzer im 18. Jahrhundert," von Daniel Häberle). The emigration begun in 1709, and, renewed with increasing force in 1717, steadily continued; in 1757 from Würtemberg alone 1,000 emigrants came to America, and others went to Russia, Galicia, and Spain. All southwest Germany was being depopulated, and the authorities tried in vain to stop the emigration. The Palatinate, once the Paradise of Germany, gave its name to all German emigrants, so largely did it supply them. While Joseph the Second, at the request of the Rhenish princes, in 1768 forbade further emigration, Prussia, Austria, and Russia were secretly seeking to establish colonies of Palatines, and the rising tide carried many well-to-do peasants to America. In 1785 over 3,500 went into Austrian provinces, many of them *Leibeigenen, i. e.*, serfs, without leave or license, and in all over 29,000, not counting children, left the German empire. In 1749 the records show that 2,785 came to America, and year after year the number increased, carrying with them money, household effects, and such valuables as they could. Hard as was the journey down the Rhine or across France, to the seaports for the trying voyage to America, it was less severe than the long and weary land routes to Eastern Europe. The advertisements in Frankfort a. M. of Dutch emigration agents pictured in glowing terms the attractions of America, where friends and neighbors and relatives had made successful homes. Help was at last provided by the German Society of Pennsylvania, founded in 1764, by that of New York, in 1784, and that of Maryland, in Baltimore, in 1817, but much misery and suffering must have been the lot of the German emigrant. Dr. Häberle gives all of the recent American literature on this subject, and much material hitherto unused, from local archives. His account of the recent Palatine emigration to eastern Europe is of interest. A number of maps, full bibliographical references, and a good index add to the value of his book as a source of information for the growing number of students of German-American history.

The celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the Italian war has been impressive in northern Italy, where monuments have been dedicated on several battlefields, and Italian and French veterans have reassembled. The Italian journals have printed many articles, historical or reminiscent, some of which possess more than passing value. One book, at least, deserves to be mentioned, because it gives the best popular account of the diplomacy which led to the French alliance and a vivid narrative of the brief, brilliant campaign. This is "Il 1859, da Plombières a Villafranca" (Milan: Fratelli Treves), by Alfredo Panzini. Signor Panzini draws from the most authoritative sources, French and Italian, and has the art of telling a story without vitiating its value as history. For an introduction, he presents two impressionist studies of Cavour and of Napoleon III, and a sketch of Italy's condition before 1859. Several welcome announcements also come as an aftermath of the celebration; the Italian War Department is to publish in full the official report of the war; the journal of an aide-de-camp, hitherto printed anonymously in fragments, by Chiala, is to appear uncensored; and Signor Alessandro Luzio has ready a new volume of essays. The aide-de-camp's diary, usually attributed to Robilant, is of great interest and has been much used by historians for the intimate reports it gives of many significant episodes. It is to be hoped that now it will be printed without the suppression of any names or statements.

An ambitious and successful book for the purpose of instruction in the French language appears in two volumes belonging to the Oxford Modern French Series, under the general authorship of Lèon Delbos (Henry Frowde). Michelet's "Jeanne d'Arc," edited by H. Sacret, is provided with a scholarly introduction, certain to stimulate the reader's interest in the text; and with notes, mostly historical, which serve to correct Michelet's inaccuracies and Anglophobia. Two maps illustrate the politics and the campaigns of Jeanne's time. Intended for students who read French with some facility, the volume will appeal especially to those who in preparation for college or otherwise have studied De Quincey's "Joan of Arc," which attacks this very book of Michelet's. In the same series, Sismondi's "Pavie et le sac de Rome" (part forty of his "Histoire des Républiques Italiennes") is edited by Arthur Wilson-Green. Both introduction and notes, otherwise commendable, are marred by the employment of French forms for proper names in an English context, and by the awkward use of French English.

The literary remains of Detlev von Liliencron are to be edited by Richard Dehruel. The first volume to come out will be a collection of short stories, a number of which appeared on special festival occasions in the Vienna *Neue Freie Presse* during the past three years. The several volumes will appear under the title "Gute Nacht."

No. 5107 of the Reclam'sche Universal-Bibliothek consists of a beautiful translation of six short Armenian stories by Arvetis Aharonean, done into excellent German by Agnes Finck-Gjandschezian. These stories all deal with the sufferings of the Armenian people under the oppression of the Kurds and the Turks. The Armenian author, born in 1866 in Igdir, is the literary editor of the Armenian monthly *Mudtsh*, published in Tiflis, and has in recent years become popular through his numerous Armenian stories.

Henry B. Blackwell, who died in Boston September 7, at the age of eighty-four, had been for many years a prominent advocate of woman's suffrage, as he was likewise one of the few surviving militant abolitionists. Born in England, but brought to this country by his parents when only six years of age, and soon left an orphan in a family of nine, Mr. Blackwell was early thrown upon his own resources, as were, in some degree, his sisters, Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell and Dr. Emily Blackwell, who were among the first women to enter the professional life. When one adds that in 1855 Mr. Blackwell married Lucy Stone, one of the earliest as also one of the bravest of woman-suffragists, it is evident how close were the ties which bound him to the movement; and how natural it was that he should succeed, after his wife's death, to the editorship of the *Woman's Journal*, founded in Boston in 1870. In his editorship of the *Journal*, Mr. Blackwell has been assisted by his daughter, Alice Stone Blackwell. Mr. Blackwell will be remembered also for the

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active part which he took in the Free Soil movement.

William Lloyd Garrison, son of the great anti-slavery leader, and elder brother of Wendell Phillips Garrison, a founder and so long editor of the *Nation*, and widely known as a publicist, died at his home, in Lexington, Mass., on September 12, at the age of seventy-one years. Mr. Garrison engaged in business of one kind or another until 1901, but was by nature and inheritance a reformer rather than a merchant. He was, furthermore, revealed in his multitudinous addresses in behalf of free trade, peace, woman suffrage, and the single tax, as a writer of clear English, vigorous in style and cogent in statement. True to the family traditions, he was a man of unlimited moral courage with an abiding interest in every humanitarian movement the world over.

Martin Ferdinand Morris, whose death at Washington occurred on September 12, was born in that city December 3, 1834. Four years ago he retired as Chief Justice of the Court of Appeals of the District of Columbia, having been appointed justice of the court by President Cleveland twelve years earlier. Judge Morris was the author of "Lectures on the History of the Development of Constitutional and Civil Liberty," and of numerous monographs and addresses.

Mayo Williamson Hazeltine, book reviewer and editorial writer for the New York *Sun* since 1878, and a frequent contributor to the periodical press, died at Atlantic City, N. J., on September 14. He was born in Boston in 1841, was graduated from Harvard College in 1865, and subsequently studied at Oxford, and in the Harvard graduate school. Later, he read law and was admitted to the bar. His books include "Chats About Books," "British and American Education," and "The American Woman in Europe."

Prof. Heinrich Bassermann is the fourth professor of the University of Heidelberg whose loss has been recorded last month. The distinguished professor of pastoral theology, who was in his sixty-first year, was the author of a "Handbuch der badischen Gottesdienstordnung," "Ueber Reform des Abendmahls," and of other works.

Science.

Mendel's Principles of Heredity. By W. Bateson. Cambridge University Press. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.50 net.

This is the second of Professor Bateson's works with this title, the first having been published seven years ago as a defence against certain attacks which had been made by the late Professor Weldon on Mendel's methods. In that earlier book the author presented some of his views in rather a tentative manner, and a few of these he now gracefully relinquishes. The whole subject has expanded so rapidly of late that it was quite time for a restatement of the essential factors by one who has done good service as a pioneer. In 1907 Professor Bateson delivered a course of lectures at Yale University on the general subject of genetics, the new term which covers all matters relating to the origin of living beings. In the volume before us, the Yale lectures are not presented, since they will form, with enlargement, a separate treatise. But the present work gives in a concise manner the so-called Mendelian principles, with an admirable biographical sketch of Mendel and a few hints as to the wide and numerous applications of Mendelism.

The history of Mendel's work is in itself almost incredible. Johann Mendel was born in Austrian Silesia in 1822. After a good training in the gymnasium, he was admitted to the Augustinian monastery at Brünn, under the name of Gregor Mendel. Later he studied at the University of Vienna, devoting himself to mathematics and physics. On his return to the monastery, he began the remarkable series of researches on the impregnation of plants, with which his name is now associated. His investigations covered a period of more than eight years, and the results were faithfully reported to a scientific society and published in their journal. The publication bears the date of 1866. But the memoir attracted no notice whatsoever. It remained without any recognition (except one bibliographical note in a treatise on hybrids) for more than thirty years; nor did he ever in his lifetime realize that his researches would later be regarded as epoch-making.

Now it happened in 1900 that at least three investigators came simultaneously upon Mendel's buried treatise, and found that its results harmonized in a striking manner with their own. They had thought themselves to be pioneers, but they saw that Mendel had preceded them. From that date Mendel's name has taken its place in the ranks of original investigators of the first order, where it is likely to remain. Professor Bateson, like others who have examined the total neglect of Mendel's treatise for more than thirty years, is at a loss to account for it. The reparation has been tardy, but it is complete. Professor Bateson presents a capital account of the course of events which led up to the discovery of Mendel's work. It may be worth while briefly to trace these steps, especially as the sketch discloses a fact which general readers and many special students are apt to lose sight of, and which is too often overlooked by amateur naturalists. In the first place, it must be distinctly understood that the idea of evolution is very old, and that even some of the early philosophers dreamed that existing plants and animals had sprung in some way from simpler forms. Such notions are to be met with (as Professor Osborne has well shown in his "From the Greeks to Darwin"), in a more or less pronounced form, down to the time of Wallace and Darwin.

But from the middle of the eighteenth to the middle of the nineteenth century, the scientific world was so completely under the influence of the idea of fixity of species as definitively formulated by Linnæus, that all naturalists who held a different view found it difficult to command a hearing. Some were even laughed out of court. But in the years from 1825 to 1855, there were many engaged practically in the study of horticultural varieties of plants and their improvement by crossing or hybridizing. It was natural that some of these experimenters should become extremely skeptical as to the limits and permanence of species. But there was as yet no satisfactory explanation of the origination of new species. It was at this period that the strong leading clue was given by Wallace and Darwin. As soon as the naturalists realized fully the efficiency of this clue in leading out from obscure places, it was seen that many had barely anticipated the same suggestion, and had fallen just short of it. Professor Bateson says that a number of the practical breeders, who had been working assiduously up to the time of the publication of "The Origin of Species" in 1859, continued their researches for a decade longer, and then abandoned the field. He remarks:

> In all that concerns the problem of species the next thirty years are marked by the apathy characteristic of an age of faith. Evolution became the exercising ground of essayists. The number indeed of naturalists increased tenfold, but their activities were directed elsewhere. Darwin's achievement so far exceeded anything that was thought possible before, that what should have been hailed as a long-expected beginning was taken for the completed work. I well remember receiving from one of the most earnest of my seniors the friendly warning that it was waste of time to study variation, for Darwin had swept the field.

Yet a few began to reëxamine the degrees of variation and to see whether it might not be possible to express the grades with mathematical precision. By the beginning of the present century this work in exact measurement was fully under way, and the twin sciences of biometry and genetics were attracting to their service some of the most earnest biologists. It was at the outset of this new activity that Mendel's forgotten work came, by a mere accident, to its own.

A brief account of one of Mendel's classical series of experiments will indicate the nature of his work and show why so much importance is attached to his methods and results. The word "methods" is better than "principles" in describing Mendel's contribution to science.

The genus Pisum comprises about six species, of Mediterranean and West

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Asian origin. But some authors recognize only two species instead of six, a fact which shows the ambiguous character of the marks by which the species are distinguished. One of the species, by far the most common, is *Pisum sativum*, or common garden-pea, which is so extremely variable that horticulturists have long since ceased to keep count of the commercial varieties, except those which are in present use. Every seedman's catalogue contains a memorandum of some of the well-established sorts, together with the newest aspirants to favor. Mendel recognized the suitability of this common pea, and its nearest relatives, for a study of inherited characters. In the first place he says:

> The experimental plants must necessarily (1) possess constant differentiating characters, and (2) the hybrids of such plants must, during the flowering period, be protected from the influence of all foreign pollen, or be easily capable of such protection.

Pisum plants answer these two conditions: they have a few characters which serve to separate the different forms, and they are practically self-fertilized. Plainly, then, we have in Pisum a blossom which can be studied from two points of view, namely, under conditions of self-pollination or self-fertilization, and of cross-fertilization, since we can let it alone or we can transfer the pollen artificially from one plant to another. And this is what Mendel did. For two years he "tried out his plants," so to speak, until he had procured some which "yielded perfectly constant and similar offspring: at any rate, no essential difference was observed during two trial years." Upon different specimens of this comparatively constant material, he experimented by all sorts of crossing and hybridizing.

How did Mendel's work differ from that undertaken by many before and at his time, so that it has taken such a commanding position? Perhaps it is in this chiefly: (1) He selected the parent-plants with great definiteness; (2) he carried on his studies on a large scale and over a long period of time; (3) he kept most careful records of the pedigree from start to finish; and (4) he compared his results with the design of seeing whether such precise figures in regard to form, color, and so on, might not exhibit definite relations. He was so fortunate as to detect certain ratios. To illustrate these ratios, a simple case described by a recent writer may be cited:

> Rose Bantams are of two kinds, blacks and whites, and pure strains of either kind breed true. Now cross the black with the white. Instead of being of an intermediate color, the offspring are all black like the black parent. For this reason, black is said to be dominant to white, which is spoken of as recessive. When the hybrid blacks are bred together, they produce blacks and whites in the proportion of three of the former to one of the latter. The whites so formed, thenceforward breed true, and produce no blacks, in spite of their black ancestry. The blacks, however, are of two kinds—(1.) pure dominants, which give only blacks when mated with a white bird, and impure dominants, which behave like the original hybrids when mated together, giving blacks and whites in the ratio of three to one. Moreover, such birds when crossed with whites may be shown experimentally to produce equal numbers of blacks and whites.

This simple case taken from the zoölogical side, stands as a type of the innumerable instances studied by Mendel, in the garden at Brünn. Repetition after repetition has only confirmed the discovery by Mendel and thrown light upon this the most obscure of biological processes. The Mendelian ratios occasionally fail in practice, but serve nevertheless as the basis of a provisional principle, upon which one may select new material for the obtaining of definite results. Such suggestive work is a distinct contribution to science, and its general results are likely to be wide and very useful. Professor Bateson has indicated some of the lines on which the new suggestions can develop, and he has presented the subject in a clear manner. We must wait for his Yale Lectures in a published form for a further amplication of these useful suggestions.

One thing will strike every reader of Bateson's work, namely, the indifference of Mendel to the limitations of species. Mendel's expression, as translated by Bateson, is:

> It has, so far, been found just as impossible to draw a sharp line between the hybrids of species and varieties as between species and varieties themselves.

Since Prof. Carl Zehden of the Handels-Akademie of Vienna published the first extensive treatise on commercial geography in 1871, nearly forty text-books have appeared in this comparatively new field. Of these, twelve were published in the United States, an equal number in Great Britain, seven in Germany, while the remainder may be assigned to France and Italy. In view of the recent extension of the study of commercial or economic geography in the colleges and universities here and abroad, the recent revision and enlargement of "A Handbook of Commercial Geography," by George G. Chisholm (Longmans, Green & Co.), the only text-book in the English language adapted to the needs of the college student, is a matter of small importance. This is the seventh edition that has appeared since the work was first published in 1889. Many changes are merely matters of small detail; the really important one being the substitution of the latest available statistics for those which had become out of date in the elaborate tables in the appendix. The present enlargement consists in the insertion of an entirely new and exceedingly valuable chapter on Trade Routes, with maps showing the leading express and transcontinental railway routes in Europe, Eurasia, and North America. Besides, there is a large pocket map of the world, bearing the trunk line ocean routes, shaded so as to show their relative importance. The latter was prepared by Prof. Max Eckert, who is the author of the leading work in German on Commercial Geography.

Dr. Henry Cadwalader Chapman, professor emeritus of physiology and biology at the Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia, died suddenly at Bar Harbor, Me., on September 7. Dr. Chapman was born in Philadelphia in 1845, and was a graduate of the University of Pennsylvania and of the Jefferson Medical College. Three years of study were also spent in Europe. From 1875 he held a curatorship in the Philadelphia Academy of Natural Sciences, of which he was for forty-one years a member. He was a contributor to the medical journals, and author of "The Evolution of Life," "History of the Discovery of the Circulation of the Blood," "Treatise upon Human Physiology," and "Medical Jurisprudence and Toxicology."

Heidelberg has lost in the death of its professor of surgery, Hermann Lossen, a lecturer of distinction and the author of several valuable books—notably "Die Verletzungen der Unteren Extremitäten," "*Grundriss der speziellen Chirurgie*," and "Lehrbuch der allgemeinen Chirurgie."

Drama and Music.

Charles Scribner's Sons announce for early publication four one-act plays by Sudermann, which will appear under the general title of "Roses."

Announcement is made of the plans for the first season of the New Theatre, which will open on November 8 with "Antony and Cleopatra," and will last about thirty weeks. Among the plays announced are "The Cottage in the Air," adapted from "Elizabeth and Her German Garden," by Edward Knoblauch; "The Nigger," by Edward Sheldon; "Strife," by John Galsworthy, and Sheridan's "School for Scandal." The company, when fully organized, will comprise about forty players. Among others this number will include Edward H. Sothern, Charles Cartwright, A. E. Anson, Albert Bruning, Ferdinand Gottschalk, Jacob Wendell, jr., Pedro de Cordoba, Julia Marlowe, Rose Coghlan, Olive Wyndham, Jessie Busley, Mrs. Sol. Smith, Beatrice Forbes-Robertson, and Thais Lawton. Louis Calvert, who was brought from London to produce the standard dramas, is an actor of great ability, as well as a stage director of long experience, and will appear in several important rôles. Of equal eminence in their fields are George Foster Platt, producer or modern dramas; Wilfred North and Frederick Stanhope, assistant producers; Elliott Schenck, musical director, and Edward Hamilton Bell, art director.

The production of "Macbeth" in France, not according to the artificial traditions of the stage, but amid the ruins of the abbey of Saint Wandrille, has been widely commented on by the French press. It was given before about fifty persons, the admission price was $40, and the scenes of the great tragedy shifted from room to room in the castle, or in the "deserted heath" of the grounds, following the natural order of

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the events. It was that feature—the rather "precious" attempt at an art novelty—which seems to have attracted the attention of the critics. Mme. Maeterlinck, as the originator of the idea, receives high praise for tickling the taste of the æsthetic groundlings. Little, comparatively, is said about the French translation of the play, by Maurice Maeterlinck, which, to judge from some extracts given in the London *Times*, has unusual merit. He evidently has caught, at least in spots, the poetry of the original. That he realized the difficulty of his task is shown by his statement:

> The humble translators face to face with Shakespeare are like painters seated in front of the same forest, the same seas, on the same mountain. Each of them will make a different picture. And a translation is almost as much an *état d'âme* as is a landscape.

Frederick A. Stokes Company have announced for early publication a new book for children, by John Prendergast—"Great Operas for Young People." The writer has put into simple language the stories of "Faust," "Aïda," and "Lohengrin." Written to be acted by children, as the "Great Operas" have been written to be read, are Constance D'Arcy Mackay's ten short plays in verse, "The House of the Heart."

The new operas announced for production during the coming season, either at the Metropolitan Opera House or at the New Theatre, are: Blech's one-act German opera, "Versiegelt," Bruneau's "L'Attaque du Moulin," Converse's "The Pipe of Desire," Franchetti's "Germania," Goetzel's "Les Précieuses Ridicules," Goldmark's "The Cricket on the Hearth," Humperdinck's "Children of the King," which will be sung in English and produced for the first time on any stage at the Metropolitan, Laparra's "La Habanera," Lehar's "Gypsy Love," Leroux's "Le Chemineau," Paer's "Il Maestro di Cappella," Tchaikowsky's "Pique Dame," and Wolf-Ferrari's "Le Donne Curiose." Further announcement is made that exclusive producing rights for America have been bought in the case of several new operas, some of which are not yet completed. Among these are Debussy's "La Chute de la maison Usher," "Le Diable dans le Beffroi," and "La Légende de Tristan"; Dukas's "Ariane et Barbe-Bleu," founded on the Maeterlinck play; Kienzl's "Der Evangelimann," Leroux's "La Reine Fiamette," Gustave Charpentier's "La Vie du Poète," Nougues's "Quo Vadis," Ravel's "L'Heure Espagnole," and Salvayre's "Solange."

The Boston Symphony Orchestra announces its usual series of ten concerts in Carnegie Hall, New York. The dates are as follows: Thursday evenings, November 11, December 9, January 13, February 24, and March 24, and Saturday afternoons, November 13, December 11, January 15, February 26, and March 26. As stated last spring, Max Fiedler will again be at the head of the orchestra. The soloists that can be announced at this time are: Gilibert, baritone; Samaroff, pianist; Elman, violinist; Sembrich, soprano; Rachmaninoff, pianist; Schumann-Heink, contralto, and Hess, violinist. Two others will be named in due time.

Sir Francis Brady, whose death is announced from Dublin, devoted himself for the greater part of his life of eighty-five years to the encouragement of Irish music. The Royal Irish Academy of Music, founded in 1856, owed its existence to his efforts, and had his keenest interest to the last. He was the author of several songs and collaborated with Dr. Esposito and others in the arrangement of Irish melodies.

Art.

A COMING ART EXHIBITION.

On the 20th of September, as a part of the Hudson-Fulton celebration, there will begin a month's exhibition of paintings at the Metropoltan Museum of Art, which as a symptom of taste and a precedent for the future is of great importance. It is a collection of fine paintings of the Dutch school, for the most part loaned by the private owners; and comprises about thirty of the best Rembrandts, four or five beautiful Ver Meers, and several of Franz Hals's, Ruysdaal's, and Cuyp's. In addition, there are good paintings by the lesser men of the Dutch school, giving to the collection a representative character and enabling the amateur of taste to see and feel adequately the eloquence of one of the great periods of art.

The acquisition of beautiful European works of art by Americans has been too often taken as a mere manifestation of the power of money. Without money, indeed, they could not have been bought. But there are plenty of rich collectors in England, Germany, and France, who would not have grudged the money any more than have the Americans. Much greater credit is due to the American's energy and growing taste than to his pocketbook. His energy is proverbial, and perhaps some day his taste will be. The existence of a beautiful collection such as that about to be exhibited indicates that this energy and desire for the acquisition of art knowledge are extending beyond the artists to the people.

And such an exhibition is not only a symptom of the rising taste and knowledge of the community, but is a condition without which modern art cannot lift its head. Creative art is an intensely traditional thing. It connects itself at every stage with what has gone before it. Raphael would have been impossible without Perugino, and, in general, the Renaissance of Italy could not have existed without ancient models. Art is an application of known forms and traditions to the new life of the time. We often hear complaints from our artists to the effect that modern work is neglected and misunderstood, that living American artists are not sufficiently encouraged—a wail natural enough, but thoughtless, for the public cannot be expected to desire or appreciate painting, of the traditional basis of which it has no knowledge. The beauty cannot be felt, in other words, without the atmosphere. So that the bringing to America of old and new European art, far from harming our artists, is rapidly forming a *milieu* in which they may connect their creative ideas with traditional forms understood, and therefore appreciated, by the public. The new art cannot come except on the basis of the old; and first, of course, what is old and classic must be known and felt by the people.

The *International Studio* (John Lane Co.) brings out "The Master Painters of Britain," edited by Gleason White, late editor of the *Studio*. It is a picture-book, pure and simple, the text being entirely insignificant, and its interest is that of a review of two centuries of British painting. In spite of the inclusion of a few Americans, like Whistler and Sargent, the faults and virtues of the works shown are typically British. Some of these painters are artists and some of the artists are painters, but almost all of them are picture-makers, not producers of studies—that is the best and the worst of them.

We may call attention to the large amount of useful information to be found in "The Photographic Annual," which comes to us in a fifth edition, from Tennant & Ward. It has been revised and extended by the editor, H. Snowden Ward.

Gertrude Burford Rawlings's "Coins and How to Know Them" (Stokes), as a handbook for the study of numismatics, will be found useful. In dealing in one volume of 374 pages with the coinage of ancient Greece and Rome, of mediæval Europe, of the British Islands and their dependencies, and of the United States, the author had of necessity to forego all detailed descriptions. But the history of coins in these various countries affords interesting comparisons between their various products and shows in how far they influenced one other. In treating the Greek coinage Miss Rawlings has revised the geographical arrangement adopted in the standard books, such as Head's "Historia Numorum," and instead of beginning with Spain and working her way eastward, she begins with Asia Minor, then takes up European Greece and Italy, working back by way of Africa to Syria, Persia, and India. This arrangement undoubtedly corresponds more closely to the chronological sequence; but it is somewhat disturbing not to have the same order as that adopted in the standard books and museum collections, because this handbook is in no wise independent of them; it has very few illustrations, and the short descriptions of the various types are of course insufficient to give the student a clear idea of the appearance of the coins, unless he has a coin collection or well-illustrated work to refer to.

In adapting the interior of the Pantheon to its recent uses as a royal tomb, the late Giuseppe Sacconi, in 1904, removed from one of the chapels a fresco, which he attributed to that rather commonplace artist, Antonizzo Romano. Neglected for years, this fresco has recently been "pieced together" and cleaned, and now, Venturi, Corrado Ricci, and other Italian crit-

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ics, attribute it to the hand of Melozzo da Forli, and describe it as a rare and magnificent work of art. It is not yet accessible to the public, but an authorized reproduction shows a lunette, representing the Dove descending in rays from God the Father, and, below, a large Annunciation of the Virgin, in which the Archangel appears in the moment of checking his advance and half falling in reverence before the Virgin. His figure, rather than the Virgin's, seems to show the combination of vivacity and religious feeling characteristic of Melozzo. The next number of the *Bollettino d'Arte* will discuss, in detail, this later attribution, and will contain several pertinent illustrations. Art lovers can hardly fail to comment upon this evidence that such treatment of an important work of art is possible in a national monument under the very shadow of the Ministry of Education, at Rome.

Profs. Georges Nicole and Gaston Darier, of Geneva, have published an account of their discoveries in an illustrated monograph entitled "Le Sanctuaire des dieux Orientaux au Janicule" (Rome, Imprimerie Cuggiani). Their excavations of last winter brought to light the remains of two temples, one built about the beginning of the fourth century above that erected, as an inscription proved, at the end of the reign of Marcus Aurelius. In spite of diligent research, the statuette of a goddess found in the triangular altar, or consecration stone, of the inner, octagonal cell, still remains unidentified. Professor Nicole compares it with a statuette of Gnossus, whose tiara is surrounded with serpents and recalls coins on which the Ephesian Diana is represented, like this statuette, bound in swathing clothes. The other statues are identified as Dionysus, Hades, and (that in black basalt) an Egyptian king, represented as a god. Attention is called to the frequent allusions in late Latin, and especially in satirical writers to the introduction of strange Oriental forms of worship at Rome; to the unusual arrangement of the cells and their entrances, and its bearing upon the secrecy of the rites; and to the evidences of persecution, which resulted in preserving intact the gilded statue of Dionysus.

Charles Follen McKim, founder of the firm of architects of McKim, Mead & White, president of the American Institute of Architects, and member of the Architectural League, the National Academy of Design, the Metropolitan Museum of Art, the Accademia di San Lucca of Rome, and of other organizations, died on September 14 at St. James, L. I. He was born in Chester County, Pa., August 24, 1847, and was the son of the well-known abolitionist, James Miller McKim. After a year of study at the Lawrence Scientific School of Harvard University, Mr. McKim spent three years in Paris as a pupil of Daumet, at the Beaux-Arts, and two more years in foreign travel. As an architect, he played a great part in the American revival of Italian models, and received generous recognition at home and abroad. The name of Mr. McKim's firm is especially associated with the Boston Public Library, the Columbia University Library, Robinson Hall at Harvard College, the Century and numerous other New York clubhouses, J. Pierpont Morgan's library, the War College at Washington, and the new Pennsylvania Railroad station in New York city.

Jean Paul Selinger, portrait and figure-painter, died in Boston on September 13 at the age of fifty-nine years. The son of a woodcarver of repute who was also one of the founders of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, he was educated in the Boston schools, and at Stuttgart and Munich. In this last city he was a pupil of Wilhelm Leibl, the master of Munkaczy.

Léon Martineau, a mural painter and maker of decorative windows, died in New York city on September 7, at the age of forty-six. M. Martineau was a pupil of Luc-Olivier Merson, and was President of the Société de Peintres-Verriers, of Paris.

Finance.

CONTROL OF GREAT CORPORATIONS.

Monday's action of the Union Pacific directors, in electing Robert S. Lovett, Harriman's close associate, to succeed Mr. Harriman as chairman of the board, and in choosing as new members of the executive committee two other financiers intimately affiliated with Harriman, puts at rest for the time, at any rate, rumors of a struggle of rival factions for control. In these reports, indeed, there was all along something of indecency; had they been correct, they would inevitably have suggested a fight over the sick-bed of a dying man for the property he was leaving. Even gossip would scarcely have busied itself with such assertions but for the curious statement, given out the day before Mr. Harriman's death by a man whom the Associated Press described as an intimate friend of Harriman, and who flatly declared that Wall Street interests, taking advantage of Harriman's absence and illness in Europe, had "assumed his career was over," "raided his property," "struggled to unhorse him," and "even announced the name of his successor."

Of the facts behind these somewhat sensational allegations, it is not easy to obtain certain knowledge. But it is at least reassuring to find that the episode, whatever its real character, has not been followed by any such open conflict of opposing interests as would have confirmed the worst interpretations. The situation as a whole, however, suggests some reflections on the present posture of affairs in our great corporations.

It will doubtless be remarked, in the first place, that the era in which great railway systems were passed along by will to the family of the controlling financier is definitely past. Jay Gould and the Vanderbilts of the earlier generation literally owned the railways most closely associated with their names. Each selected his successor in office, reserving, indeed, the right of establishing a kind of order of succession, whereby the oldest son should succeed to personal control of the railway property, the rest of the family being commonly provided for in a trust fund. There are two reasons why this sort of family ownership and family succession is not likely ever to be repeated. One arises from the fact that, although railway properties were in these cases inherited, capacity for administering them did not always descend along with the properties. This, together with the increasing difficulty and complexity of such administration, and the necessity for dependence on large financial interests to procure the funds required for development and extension, made necessary the sharing of responsibility with outsiders. This could usually not be obtained without similar sharing of actual control and ownership.

The second reason for the disappearance of family ownership arose from the same conditions as the first. If our great private fortunes have increased rapidly since the days of such ownership, the capitalization of the railways themselves has increased even faster. Such present-day stock capitalizations as the $248,000,000 of the Northern Pacific, the $299,000,000 of the Union Pacific, the $314,000,000 of the Pennsylvania, and the $178,000,000 and $112,000,000, respectively, even of such smaller enterprises as the New York Central and the Erie, made virtually impossible continued exclusive ownership, even of a majority interest.

This rapid and great increase of capital stock, which really began with the business revival after 1898, was followed, therefore, by the era of ownership by groups of financiers. The contests between great railways in the seventies and the eighties were mainly contests between individuals, who regarded the several properties as their personal possessions. The contests of the decade past have been conducted between powerful factions. The Union Pacific-Northern Pacific struggle of 1901 was avowedly a battle between a group of wealthy capitalists known as the "Standard Oil party" and a second group known as the "Morgan party," and the prodigious sums of money raised on credit and flung into the Stock Exchange arena would have been inconceivable but for the accumulations of financial power banded together behind the two great properties.

It is this fact which lends particular interest to the situation created by the death of Mr. Harriman. It is wholly improbable that Harriman's personal ownership of Union Pacific shares was ever large enough to have carried an election. Actual ownership of the property could not be determined by his personal bequests; it depends to-day, as it did before his death, on the grouping of separate capitalists, each of whom undoubtedly owns as much of the stock as Harriman did, or more. And this,

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in turn, explains why interest has converged so actively on the present attitude of this group of financiers toward the property and toward one another. That Harriman's death has removed the will and personality which dominated all the others is conceded on all hands; the question of his successor, then, is less a question of what men will be formally elected to the offices which he held, than of what man will be able to manage as he did the group of capitalists behind him.

It is quite conceivable that no one will repeat the achievement, and that the railway property over which he exercised so vital and personal a control will become an investment enterprise which no individual and no group of individuals actually owns. The Pennsylvania Railroad is a property which already occupies such a position. Itself the great prize of the American railway industry, its ownership is so widely distributed that no man or group of men can be said to possess an actual control. A very large individual investment in the shares is apt to be recognized by the admission of the owner to the directing board; the property is managed by the largest owners of its stock and by such experienced colleagues as they select. Mismanagement would undoubtedly displace an existing board, both by dissension among these larger owners and by transfer of proxies by the great mass of outside and unrepresented shareholders, who would then be driven to united action to protect their personal interests. It is probable that a status of this sort will become more common as the history of American railway finance goes on, and that we have possibly seen the last of such excesses, arising from group or faction domination, as marked the later years of Mr. Harriman's career in Union Pacific.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Abbott, E. H. What They Did With Themselves. Crowell. 30 cents net.

A Century of Population Growth: From the First Census of the U. S. to the Twelfth, 1790-1900. Washington: Dept. of Commerce and Labor.

Benson, A. C. Until the Evening. Crowell. 30 cents net.

Betham-Edwards, M. French Vignettes: a Series of Dramatic Episodes 1787-1871. Brentano.

Boys on the Railroad. By M. E. Seawell J. Barnes, E. D. Deland, J. R. Coryell, E. Carruth, and others. Harper. 60 cents

Bradley, A. G. Worcestershire. Painted by Thomas Tyndale. Macmillan. $3 net.

Brandes, G. Anatole France. Doubleday Page.

Burton-Fanning, F. W. The Open-Air Treatment of Pulmonary Tuberculosis. Second Edition. B. P. Hoeber. $1.50 net.

Calderon de la Barca, P. La Vida es Sveño. Vol. I. Edited by M. A. Buchanan. University of Toronto Library.

Carr, S. P. Billy To-morrow. Chicago: McClurg. $1.25.

Cooke, E. V. Little Songs for Two. Dodge. $1.

Couch, S. B. In the Shadow of the Peaks. Cochrane. $1.50.

Darton, F. J. H. Pilgrims' Tales: from "Tales of the Canterbury Pilgrims." Dodge. 60 cents.

Darwin, C. The Foundations of the Origin of Species: Two Essays Written in 1842 and 1844. Edited by his son, F. Darwin. Putnam. $2.50.

Dawson, E. R. The Secret of Sex. Cochrane Pub. Co. 50 cents.

Del Mar, Wm. A. Electric Power Conductors. Van Nostrand. $2 net.

Depreciated Currency and Diminished Railway Rates. Philadelphia: Railway World.

Dudeney, Mrs. H. Trespass. Boston: Small, Maynard. $1.25.

Ellis, K. R. The Wide Awake Girls in Winsted. Boston: Little, Brown. $1.50.

Faris, R. L. Terrestrial Magnetism. Appendix No. 3—Report for 1908. Dept. of Commerce and Labor. Washington.

Fewkes, J. W. Antiquities of the Mesa Verde National Park. Bureau of American Ethnology, Bulletin 41, Smithsonian Institution, Washington.

Fowle, F. F. The Protection of Railroads from Overhead Transmission Line Crossings. Van Nostrand. $1.50 net.

Franklin Papers. Appendix to the Calendar of the Papers of Benjamin Franklin. Philadelphia: University of Pennsylvania.

Garland, H. The Moccasin Ranch: a Story of Dakota. Harper. $1.

Garnett, L. M. J. Home Life in Turkey. Macmillan. $1.75.

Gildersleeve, B. L. Hellas and Hesperia. Holt & Co. $1 net.

Golden Treasury of Songs and Lyrics. Selected by F. T. Palgrave. Revised and enlarged, two volumes in one. Macmillan. $1.50.

Greenwood, A. D. Lives of the Hanoverian Queens of England. Vol. I. Macmillan. $3.50 net.

Hichborn, L. Story of the Session of the California Legislature of 1909. Santa Clara, Cal.: F. Hichborn. $1.25.

Higley, E. E. Homespun Religion. Crowell. 30 cents net.

Howells, W. D. Boy Life. Arr. for supplementary reading in the Elementary School by P. Chubb. Harper. 50 cents.

Humphreys, A. L. Salt and Sincerity. Dodge Pub. Co. $1.

Hungary of To-day. By Members of the Hungarian Government. Edited by P. Alden. Brentano.

Inrig, A. The Spirit of God in the Universe. Toronto: William Briggs.

Irwin, W. Warrior the Untamed. Doubleday, Page. 50 cents.

Jacomb, A. E. The Faith of His Fathers. Dodd, Mead. $1.50.

Jenks, T. When America Won Liberty. Crowell. $1.25.

Jones, D. The Pronunciation of English. Putnam. 90 cents.

Kelly, M. The Golden Season. Doubleday, Page. $1. 20.

Laird & Lee's Webster's New Standard Dictionary. Adapted for Grammar and School Grades. Chicago: Laird & Lee. 75 cents.

Lindsay, N. V. The Tramp's Excuse, and Other Poems. Springfield, Ill.: N. V. Lindsay.

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Miller, J. R. The Gate Beautiful. Crowell. 85 cents net.

Miller, J. R. The Master's Friendships. Crowell. 30 cents net.

Murray, C. Story Land. Boston: Little, Brown. 50 cents.

Noguchi, H. Snake Venoms. Washington, D. C.: Carnegie Institute.

O'Shea, M. V. Social Development and Education. Houghton Mifflin. $2.

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Ray, A. C. Janet at Odds. Boston: Little, Brown. $1.50.
Recent Christian Progress. By Professors and Alumni of Hartford Theological Seminary. Edited by L. B. Paton. Macmillan. $3 net.
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